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SEPTEMBER 3, 1982

. F. Buckley Jr.
GINES
IT WENT
ETWEEN
REAGAN & DOLE
—See page 1102

NATIONAL REVIEW

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Reaganism plus Dole-ism equals What-ism?

JOSEPH SOBRAN

RUSSELL KIRK

Conservatism
A Succinct Description

THE Trashing of Norman Podhoretz

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

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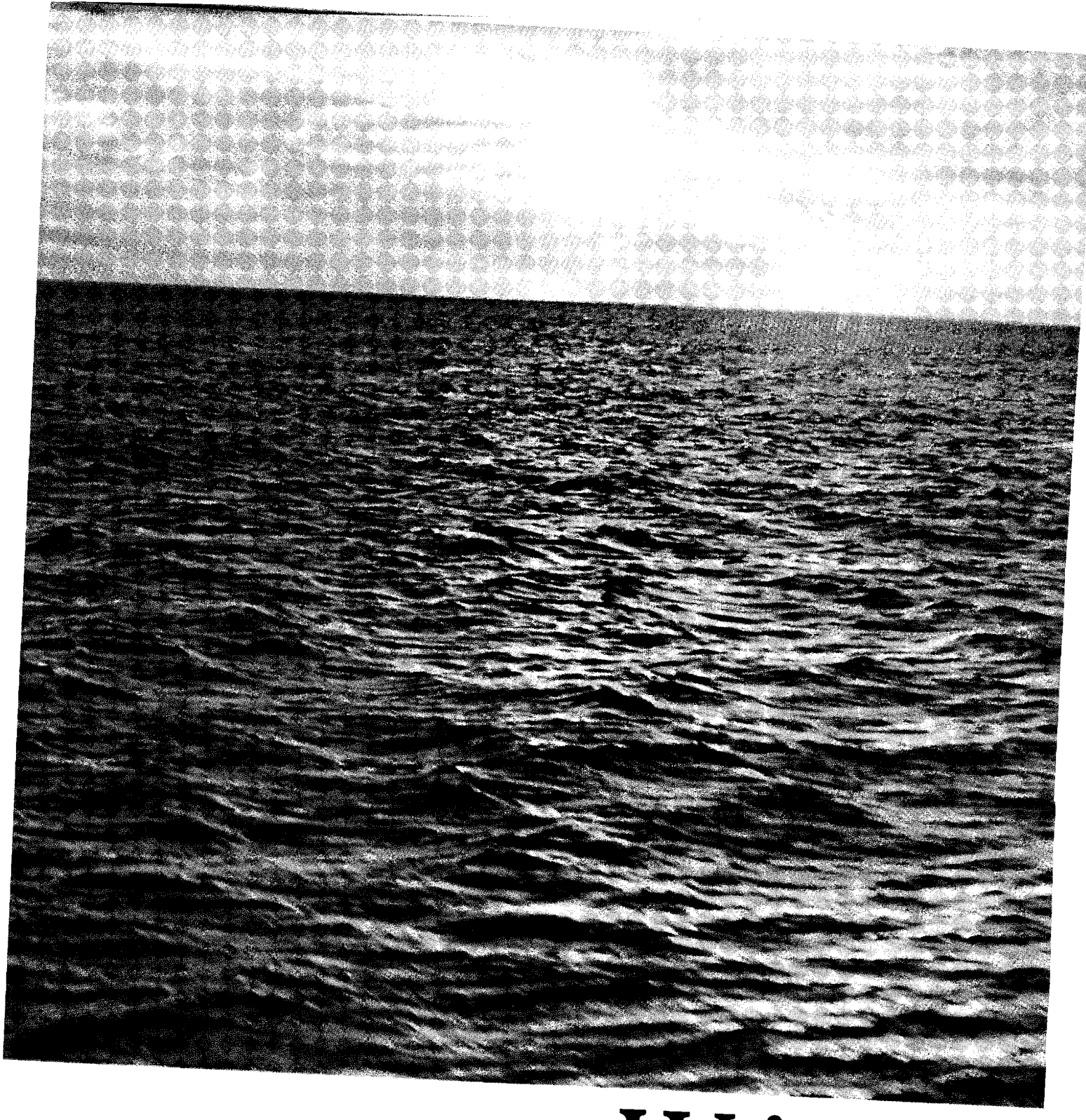

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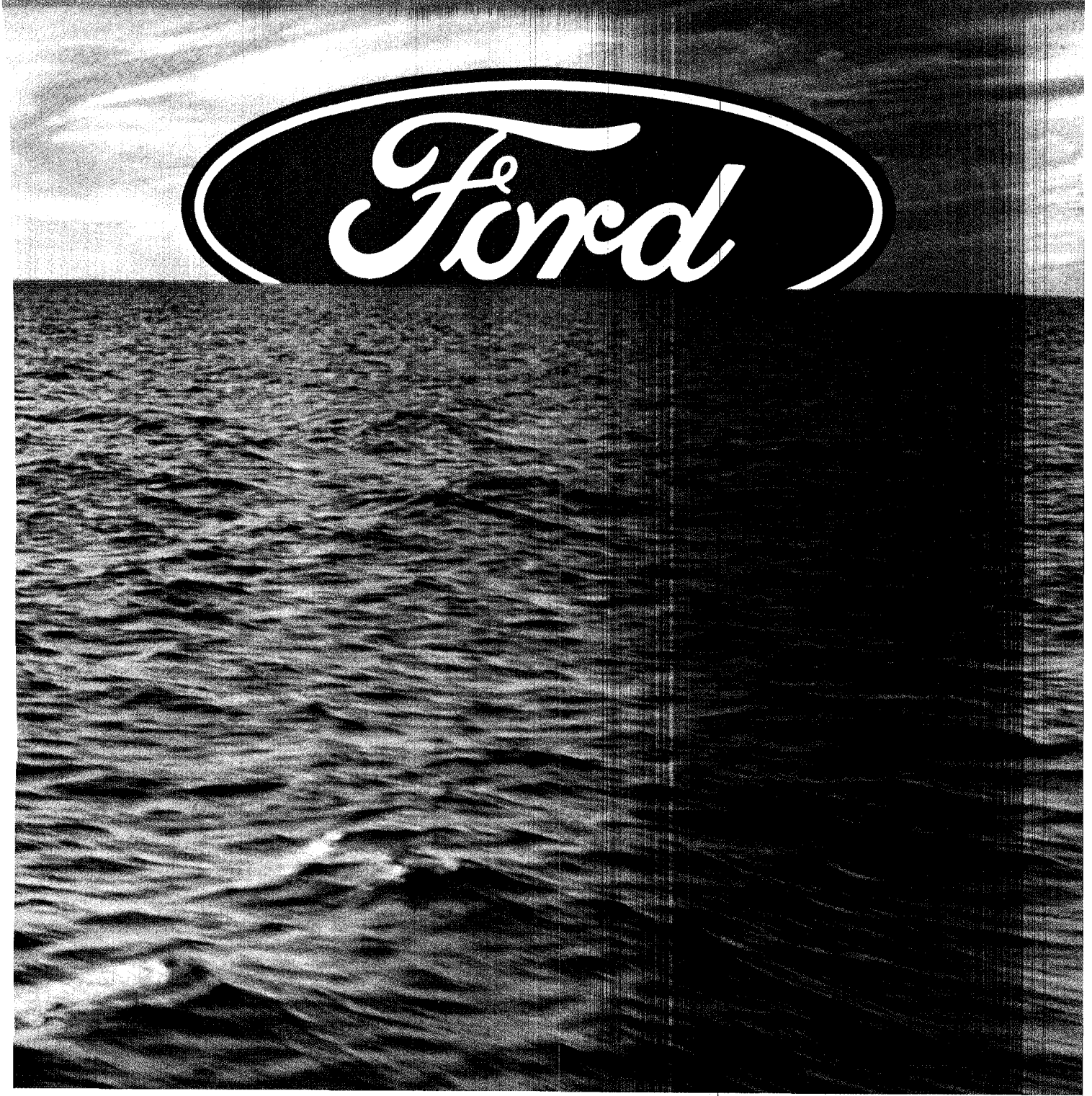

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NATIONAL REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 3, 1982
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The Tax Increase

1074 **Reaganomics without Reagan**
It was a terrific challenge, but the Party of Compassion finally seems to have cornered Ronald Reagan. Repulsing his attempts at a diplomatic solution to the runaway welfare state, it has charged him with making "war on the poor." Finally, our most brilliant politician has caved, accepting the dirty job of raising taxes. His enemies are gleefully accepting this as his concession that he has failed—and as a wonderful campaign gift for the fall. What happened? *Joseph Sobran*

Articles and Columns

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Detente? Ah yes, we remember it well: the Soviets don't seem to, though. One Central Committee member recently said that "love for the Socialist fatherland is impossible without class hatred." *Brian Crozier*

1080 **Conservatism: A Succinct Description**
Conservatism, from one perspective, is precisely *not* an ideology, nor even a political system. It is a recognition; a recognition of certain abiding realities that frustrate any ambition for an ideal social end. Sometimes, as Burke wrote, change is "the means of our preservation." But Lord Falkland was right too when he said that there are times when it is "necessary not to change." *Russell Kirk*

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1087 **Who Invented the Third World?**
The nations collected under this familiar umbrella term have a common denominator you'd never guess. And no, it isn't socialism. *Michael A. Scully*

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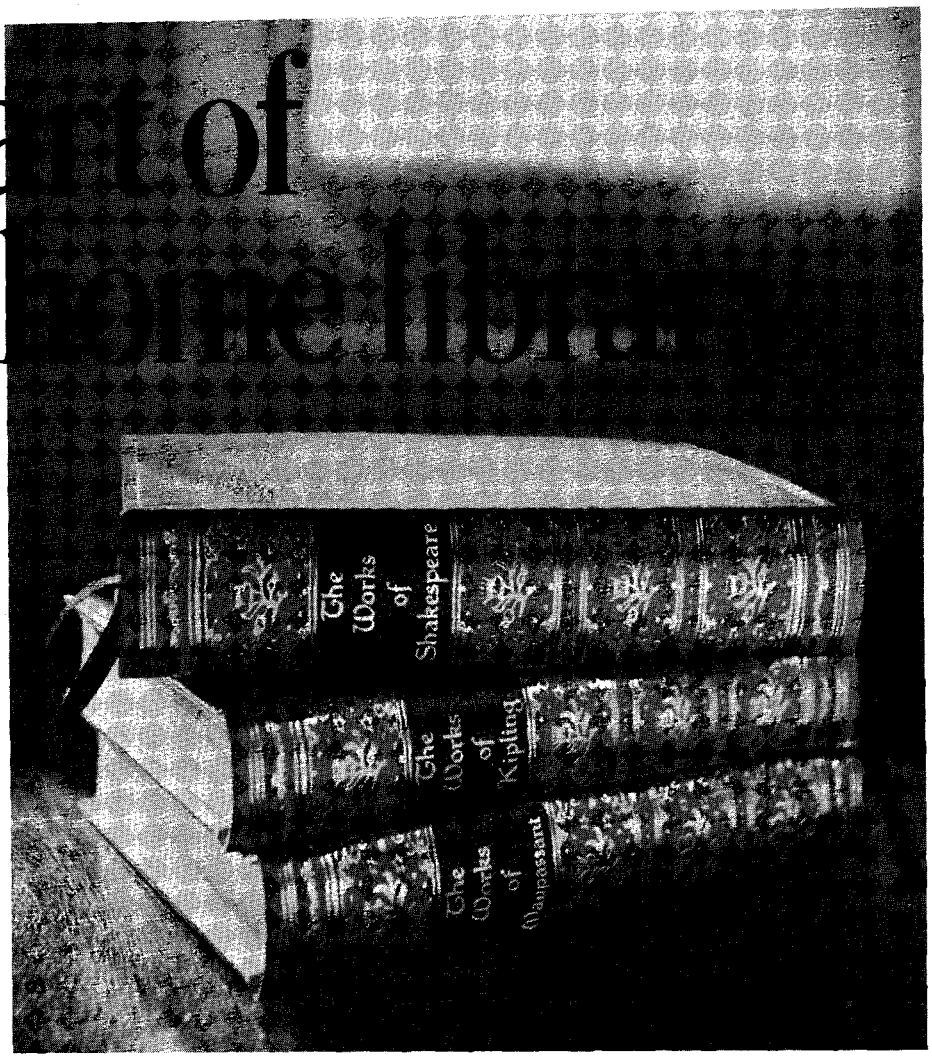

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Letters

Balancing Acts

For too many years government spending has distorted the free market, crowding out investment and valuable resources ["The Constitution to the Rescue," by Donald Lambro, August 20]. As grand as the United States is, we have a limited amount of land, labor, and capital. An unrestricted budget process based on the motto "Tax, tax! Spend, spend! Elect, elect!" is injurious. Government spending should occur only after careful scrutiny, which is what the constitutional amendment would ensure. Count me among the yeas!

Pauline E. Lewis
Queens, N.Y.

Pied Pipeliner

Please let me take a different view from my much-admired magazine; from Mr. Buckley; and from John McLaughlin ["From Washington Straight," July 23].

Mr. McLaughlin says, "President Reagan's own policy [on the Siberian pipeline and Soviet/Free World trade], now solidifying, is to deny the Soviets full access to American trade and, in so doing, to worsen their economic plight. . . . Shultz sees the wisdom of this policy."

I do not. I don't think Adam Smith would. Permit me:

What does a stupid, proud person do when his back is up against the wall, he has too little to eat, his enemies press upon him, his life is in despair? I suggest either one of two things: 1) He lashes out, trying to take by force what has been denied him. 2) He self-destructs, blows his own brains out. In the case of the Soviet Union this would take the form of the Central Committee allowing its population to starve.

Both alternatives conjoined would incite the Soviet Joint Chiefs to push the World War III button. Don't think they wouldn't do it if they despaired of all other outs.

We wish to punish the Soviet Union and, heaven knows, the Communists "deserve" their share. But revenge is *not* our right or province. Justice is our goal. And if it is not meted out wisely (with concern for human beings above ideology), we will be subject to the same catastrophe many of us secretly wish upon our wayward enemy to the East.

Brian D. Joyce
Alameda, Calif.

Hippie Clergy

Re: James V. Schall's suggestion ["Ecclesiastical Wars over Peace," June 25] that the Church "is the last bastion of the hippie culture, a sort of ecclesiastical Haight-Ashbury." I remember a friend of mine telling me in 1972 that the seminary he attended was filled with antiwar radicals and other leftists who had enrolled in order to obtain a deferment from the draft. Since it is logical to believe that such a process had been going on for quite some time, it is not surprising that so many priests and ministers 15 years later would be involved in a new antiwar movement.

A person who becomes a minister for reasons which are originally political rather than religious will probably continue to place politics at the top of his agenda. The dubious practice of accepting "conscientious-objector status" as grounds for avoiding a citizen's military obligation may have left us another problem in the form of a timebomb within the leadership of our churches.

Dean Johnston
Blacksburg, Va.

Busy Bees

I thoroughly enjoyed Joseph Sobran's "Rainbow in Central Park" [July 9], and I found his glossary of hive buzzwords entertaining. I would like to submit another entry: **consciousness-raising:** Conversion to socialist principles or beliefs.

Michael Fox
Cary, N.C.

Courting Justice

While I agree with 95 per cent of what John McLaughlin writes, I feel that one of the points made in his August 6 column ["From Washington Straight"] is, alas, not entirely "straight."

Mr. McLaughlin contends that the last term of the United States Supreme Court ". . . was one of the most liberal in a decade." I disagree. Intermingled with a few unfortunate decisions (e.g., in the illegal alien education case) was some of the most pragmatic justice ever served. The Court struck down a frivolous California forced-busing plan, affirmed—or, better, reaffirmed—the freedom from civil litigation the President enjoys in making policy decisions, and gave the power to lending institutions to set realistic rates on their secondary (i.e., "assumable") mortgage loans. These are very important decisions; they more than cancel out the liberal element of the last term.

Eric S. Hardy
Oxford, Ohio

Pander and Bear It

If men were supply-siders, we wouldn't need tax increases ["The Week," July 23]. But they're not, and businessmen are frightened by deficits in 1983, 1984, and

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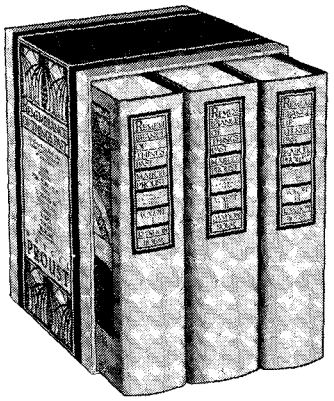

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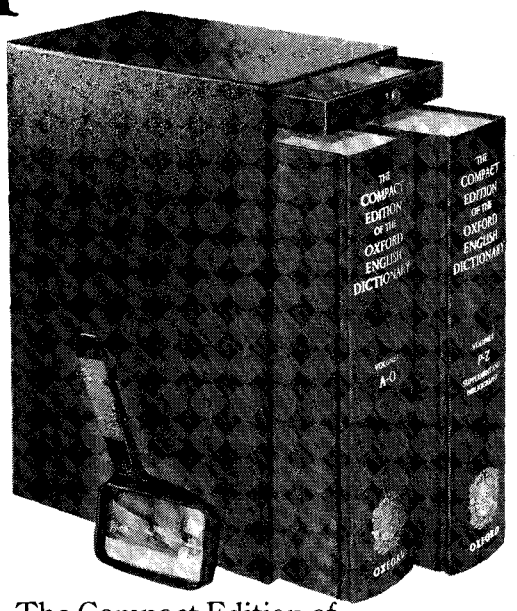

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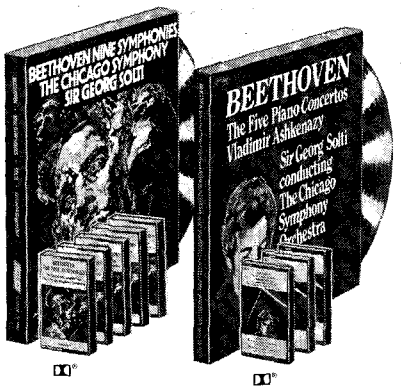
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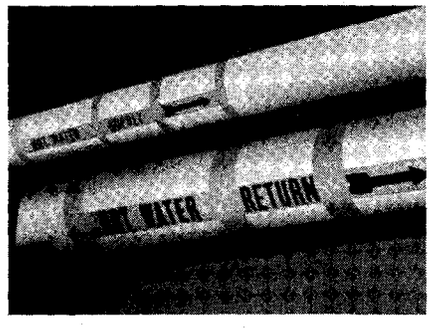

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Richard P. Gans
McLean, Va.

Try Again, Bishops

Thank you, Michael Novak, for your courage and clarity in exposing, in "Born-Again Bishops" [August 6], the dangerous position of some bishops who, though well-intentioned, would betray America and other free countries of the world to Russian domination. Is it possible that anyone believes life is worth living under Marxism—that it would still be the life worthy of a human being, much less a Christian? Martyrdom may be praiseworthy for a bishop, but unreasonable to demand of ordinary people.

Graham Martin, in talking to the U.S. Congress about the downfall of South Vietnam, included the hierarchy and clergy who advocated "no aid to South Vietnam" as instrumental in the Communist victory. The consequences of that war, with the hundreds of thousands of boat people dying on the ocean, to say nothing of the tragic lives in refugee camps, or the genocide in Cambodia, should be a lesson to the consciences of these people not to follow the same disastrous path.

Nations that are prepared for war, are ensured peace. Those who put their arms down are conquered. This is the verdict of history.

Raymond A. Devlin, S.J.
Las Vegas, Nev.

Get My Drift on the Draft

It was with considerable interest that I read the "Dark Horses" column in the June 25 issue—specifically, the portion dealing with military service in the United States.

Mr. Chilton Williamson Jr. is quite correct in noting that the last two articles in the book were intended as advocacy pieces. However, he mistakenly leaves the impression that both argued for a return to conscription. This is not correct. Although Mr. Lacey's article does indeed argue that a return to conscription is probably inevitable, my article argues just the reverse: that our nation is probably best served by a continued reliance on an all-volunteer military. My paper recognizes that there are certain problems with today's volunteer forces, but argues that a draft would do little to solve most of these problems. Moreover, even though a draft would solve some, it would create other problems. On net, my paper argues that a volunteer force is probably the best alternative we have for manning the peacetime military—it may not be perfect, but neither are the alternatives.

Richard V. L. Cooper
Washington, D.C.

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In addition to offering an opportunity for anyone to experience a better life through personal and financial independence, Amway has expanded into other business ventures, too. For example:

Mutual Broadcasting System.

Headquartered in Arlington, Virginia, Mutual serves over 900 primary affiliates and 500 special program affiliates with news, sports and special entertainment events; owns WCFL in Chicago and WHN in New York City; and is the first commercial radio network to be completely distributed via satellite.

Peter Island Hotel and Yacht Harbour.

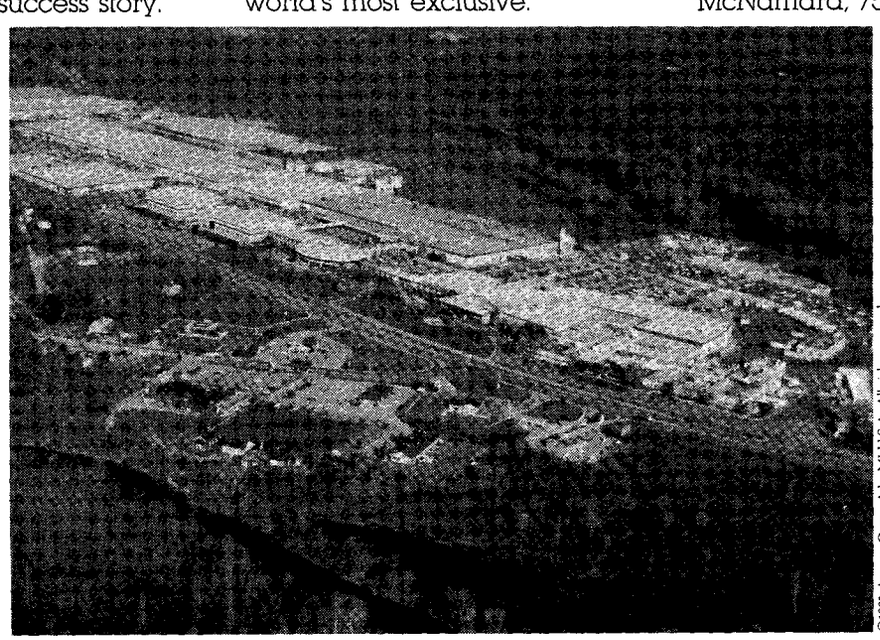
Nestled amid the gentle breezes and warm seas of the Caribbean is another facet of Amway: The Peter Island Hotel and Yacht Harbour in the British Virgin Islands. The small and secluded resort is among the world's most exclusive.

Amway Grand Plaza Hotel.

Circa 1913 ambiance and deluxe service, combined with facilities as modern as tomorrow, the Amway Grand Plaza Hotel, in Grand Rapids, Michigan, is truly a unique experience for convention, business, and pleasure travelers.

The success of Amway Corporation is proof that free enterprise can and will flourish today in any free society. To spread that belief, Amway established the Free Enterprise Institute. The Institute conducts seminars, workshops, and symposiums for students, educators, and business people at all levels of education and commerce.

If you would like to join in furthering the principles of free enterprise, write: Dr. Joseph McNamara, 7575 E. Fulton Rd., Ada, MI 49355.



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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Kemp-Dole** fireworks have distracted attention from fight over constitutional amendment to balance federal budget. Early in August, Senate, led by **Strom Thurmond** (R., S.C.) and **Orrin Hatch** (R., Utah), voted 69 to 31 in favor of amendment (two more than the 67 votes required). . . . Over in House, measure is still bottled up in Rep. **Peter Rodino**'s Judiciary Committee. Supporters need 218 signatures on discharge petition to pry proposed amendment loose from Rodino. They claim they have had as many as 207 signatures, but number has been reduced to 201, thanks to pressure from two House leaders opposed to amendment, Majority Leader **Jim Wright** (D., Tex.) and Majority Whip **Tom Foley** (D., Wash.). . . . Opponents of measure say deadline for consideration this session is already past, but Rep. **Phil Gramm** (D., Tex.) vows that once his side gets 218 signatures the amendment will get to House floor this session—even if it means special session of Congress. . . . An indication of pressure against amendment: 36 of its co-sponsors—11 Republicans and 25 Democrats—have yet to sign discharge petition.

■ Final days in battle over $98.3-billion tax bill filled with revelations. Treasury Secretary **Donald Regan**: "It's great to have a good theory, but when that theory comes up against perception, something has to be done." His 35 years on Wall Street, he says, have shown him the perception of money-men "is contrary to supply-side convictions." . . . Sen. **Robert Dole**, chief architect, insists bill doesn't represent turnaround in Reagan's supply-side philosophy. "We're not trying to make a U-turn," he told *Meet the Press*. "We're just trying to avoid going over the cliff." Dole also confessed his bafflement at Reaganomics: "I never really understood all that

Nick, *Punch* Rothco

"Now they launch a retaliatory strike!"

supply-side business." . . . OMB Director **David Stockman** was able to muster only faint praise for tax bill. It is, he told reporters, "not the greatest thing since sliced bread. . . . There are lots of things—including withholding [of taxes on dividends and interest]—you wouldn't want in an ideal world." . . . Rep. **Jack Kemp** (R., N.Y.) agrees, after a fashion, with President **Reagan**'s contention that tax bill won't hurt the lower and middle classes. Kemp says the bill won't hurt you as long as you "don't use the telephone, don't have big medical expenses, don't pay medical insurance premiums, don't suffer losses due to theft or casualty, don't smoke, don't ride in airplanes, don't have a savings account." . . . **Leon Shull**, national director of Americans for Democratic Action, wholeheartedly endorsed tax bill. "Liberals should be behind this bill one hundredfold," he says. "The bill includes in it reforms we have sought for years." . . . Flush with victory, liberals are already eying final stage of Reagan's three-year tax-cut program—the individual tax cuts scheduled to begin July 1983. "Many private economists, as well as Democrats in Congress," says *Christian Science Monitor*'s business reporter **Harry B. Ellis**, "contend that elimination of the third-year tax cut would provide a clear signal to Wall Street that the government intends to put a lid on deficits."

■ GOP strategists seem far from worried about massacre in November. **Nancy Sinnott**, executive director of National Republican Congressional Committee, doesn't fear GOP will fall much below 192 seats it already has in House. Other strategists are even speculating about picking up a seat or two in Senate. Major reasons for optimism: 1) GOP warchest is far bigger than Democratic; 2) voter turnout is expected to be light; 3) the Great Communicator. Opponents are willing to tackle Reagan's policies, not Reagan.

■ U.S. Government has warned all domestic federal agencies to be prepared for **terrorist attacks** in retaliation for Israeli invasion of Lebanon. Also said to be on terrorist target list: U.S.-based Israeli and Jewish-owned corporations and companies trading with Israel. . . . Which radio was first to announce that Kenyan President **Daniel T. arap Moi** had been overthrown? **Radio Moscow**, which had its report on the airwaves a good two hours before rebels made their first proclamation. But they were both wrong; the coup attempt failed. Western diplomats say Radio Moscow broadcast demonstrates not journalistic enterprise but Soviet involvement in attempted overthrow.

■ Justice Department officials are winding down their investigation into reports of **sexual misconduct** on Capitol Hill, having found no evidence to support charges made by former pages. But investigation into narcotics abuse on the Hill is continuing, ho, ho, ho.

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THE WEEK

■ One difference between the government and the Almighty is that the latter asks only 10 per cent of our earnings.

■ That's on a flat rate, too.

■ While we're at it, how about a constitutional amendment requiring the observance of the Tenth Amendment?

■ The New Deal is back, with all the joys of plowing crops under, dyeing potatoes purple, and killing suckling pigs. The current Acreage Reduction Program offers farmers "a variety of government guarantees and payments"—i.e., slops—if they reduce production. One Illinois farmer calculated he'd come out $115,000 ahead and so plowed under 250 acres of standing corn. However, this year's corn crop is the best in years, and most farmers (over 90 per cent in Indiana, for instance) are betting on the market and ignoring the program. That will hold down the damage for now, but it's still insane to pay farmers to ungrow food for a hungry world, and then pass a monster tax increase to finance it. What we need is a Legislation Reduction Program that would pay congressmen to plow under their silly programs.

■ In honor of the first anniversary of the air-traffic controllers' strike, and of the Reagan Administration's decision to fire the strikers, it is appropriate to recall the confusion and the turmoil; the flights that were scrubbed, many of them permanently; the 12 major airports that had to be taken out of service; the black day when planes crashed at O'Hare and Kennedy . . . No, it didn't happen, did it? Thousands of controllers stayed on the job. The airlines actually carried the same number of passengers after the strike as before. There were minor inconveniences, no disasters, and several important principles sustained, chief among them the right of the government to compel the continuous performance of public services.

■ The city council of Glen Cove, N.Y. has voted 6 to 1 to ban resident Soviet diplomats from using the city's beach, tennis courts, and golf course. Glen Cove is mad because the Russians are using their 49-room mansion as a spy center. The State Department is on its knees, as usual, begging Glen Cove not to provoke the Soviets with cold-war gestures. The obvious solution is to zone some parts of the city for spying.

■ On steel imports: "That it was the spirit of monopoly which originally both invented and propagated this [protectionist] doctrine, cannot be doubted; and they who first taught it were by no means such fools as they who believed it. In every country it always is and must be the interest of the great body of the people to buy whatever they want of those who sell it cheapest. The proposition is so manifest, that it seems ridiculous to take any pains to prove it; nor could it have ever been called into question, had not the interested sophistry of merchants and manufacturers confounded the common sense of mankind. Their interest is, in this respect, directly opposite to that of the great body of the people."—Adam Smith, *The Wealth of Nations*, 1776.

■ President Reagan's distinction between the U.S.-Soviet grain deal and the projected Siberian gas pipeline to Central and Western Europe is cogent. By the test of economic logic, meeting Soviet consumption needs in return for transfers of cash is in no way to be equated to our European allies' extension of preferential credits for developing the Soviet Union's productive capacity in such a way as to enhance its long-term earnings in international commerce. Politics is something else. In the simplicities of international polemics, the extension of the U.S.-Soviet grain bargain inevitably detracts from U.S. objections to the pipeline—though perhaps not decisively, because in any event the Europeans are presumably adamant about going ahead with adding to their dependence on Soviet energy sources. The common term for the implicit trend is Finlandization, but the term does a measure of injustice to Finland. The Finns have to accommodate the necessities of their position, whereas the Soviet Union's gas customers are being swayed by perceptions of commercial convenience.

■ The furor that greeted Representative McCloskey's meeting with Yasir Arafat—had he accepted Resolution 242? Yes; that is, no—is more than anything else a back-handed tribute to Henry Kissinger, who convinced the world that diplomatic breakthroughs are achieved by freewheeling irregulars making sudden

Weltschmerz

As Caesar has said of the Germans,
They glory in forested gloom.
Their *Lieder* are loaded with anguish;
Their history often goes BOOM!
Today there are worrisome signals
Where Brünnhilde deafened the men,
That things are at sixes and sevens:
The Germans are at it again.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

When the President said, on August 12, "Get me Begin on the phone," an aide reminded him that it would take an hour to secure the line. "Use any line," Mr. Reagan replied, "I don't care who hears this." The President's patience had finally snapped: the closer that Philip Habib drew to a final agreement, the harder the Israelis pounded Beirut, it seemed. As it happened, an hour did elapse, the secure line was gotten, and the President then read out the Prime Minister: "I want it stopped, and I want it stopped now." Twenty minutes later the message came back that the ceasefire was in place.

Did Mr. Reagan's phone call do the trick? The fact of the matter seems to be that the Israeli Cabinet had decided on the ceasefire prior to the Reagan call. The question is important because it goes to the heart of the Arab contention that the United States has been piping the tune in Lebanon.

Certainly Ronald Reagan has been on a slow burn toward Israel during these last several weeks. He had written Menachem Begin a letter urging restraint. When the Israeli Foreign Minister, Mr. Shamir, visited Washington, the President told him face to face to halt the unnecessary bloodshed and devastation. The day after this exchange, the Israelis conducted the second biggest bombing attack of the Beirut siege. Finally Habib notified Washington that the talks could not continue in the middle of a blitzkrieg.

Thereupon the Reagan/Begin phone call was staged, complete with White House photographer recording the event for the edification of all those at home and abroad who think the U.S. has been too soft on Israel.

■ After the dust settles a bit in Lebanon, watch for the President to appoint a super-negotiator to work for the commencement of the next round of the Camp David Egyptian/Israeli talks on Palestinian autonomy. The current frontrunner for that post is Irving Shapiro. The immediate vexation is that the Egyptians won't go back to the talks until the Israelis and Syrians quit Lebanon. But the Israelis won't leave until the Syrians leave, and the Syrians won't leave until the Israelis leave, and the two patron superpowers stand impotently by.

■ True blue-er Lyn Nofziger has become a figure of contradiction. Conservatives here are treating his egregious defection on the $99-billion tax bill like a death in the family.

In late July, Nofziger and Jack Kemp convened at Nofziger's office to plan a cabal of twenty to thirty friends of the President who were concerned about the colossal tax bill. On August 4, that meeting took place, and Nofziger helped draft a militant, anti-tax statement (subsequently modulated). Then Lyn was summoned by his old boss to the Oval Office, experienced his *metanoia*, pronounced his earlier apostasy as "pure stupidity," called Jack Kemp "a little fanatical," and urged that maverick Republicans be bodychecked back into the corral.

Washington street descriptions of Lyn these days, even from his associates and friends, are enough to make your hair curl. "He wasn't really effective in the White House, but at least people thought his word meant something." Or, "He committed the ultimate act of political dishonor: switch sides after you've been in your former team's strategy session." Or, "He may have lost his credibility with conservatives, but he hasn't lost it with his clients who want him for the Reagan access."

Yet there are some friends of Lyn, admittedly in the minority, who try to defend him. They point out that his assumptions going into the August 4 meeting, and with Kemp earlier, were all wrong. Lyn had assumed that the President was not wedded to the tax hike, that he was being snookered and bamboozled by James Baker & Co. Then the President called Nofziger in and said, No, the tax hike is my idea, not Baker's, and it's justified for all these solid reasons, therewith enumerating the sophistries delivered during his later TV address. Then, turning to his oldtime crony, the President says, "I need ya', Lyn." Whereupon Lyn puts prince before principle, as anyone under similar stresses would do, including you, Dear Reader, and even, alas, your imperfect Cato.

■ Bakerphobes see in the Nofziger follies a great untold story, namely the anti-Kemp dimension. Clearly the tax issue has been jawboned by the White House as a pro- or anti-Reagan issue, it being a lot easier to sell Ronald Reagan than an unprecedentedly mammoth tax. The chief conductor of this little orchestra is Jim Baker, who had been George Bush's campaign manager. *Q:* Who is George Bush's principal opponent for 1984—assuming that the Gipper hangs up the cleats? *A:* Jack Kemp. So do we have in the tax-hike operetta Jim Baker's way of trying to do Jack Kemp in? If so, say the conspiratorialists, he and Bush are going to be rudely awakened when the Reagan tax caper serves not to hurt Kemp, but to strengthen him.

—CATO

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raids on the status quo. In this regard, President Reagan's assurances to Senator Goldwater on the future of Taiwan were seriously flawed. For maximum impact, they should have been scribbled on a Chinese menu and passed to Marvin Liebman. In fact, diplomacy does not work that way—not for Kissinger, whose coups were preceded by months, sometimes years, of spadework; not for anybody. McCloskey was an ambitious politician, indulging in exhibitionism; Arafat, an encircled commander, reduced to media stunts. When Arafat decides to rewrite his whole raison d'etre, he will announce the transformation in a more definite fashion than an exchange of secret handshakes with a visiting pol.

■ Perhaps it is useless to urge a dispassionate view of South Africa, a country the main function of which is to provide a universal sense of moral superiority. Viewed historically, however, that nation and/or geographical entity is attempting something interesting: a multi-tribal society. They are not aiming at racial integration but are trying to achieve a mode of tribal political equilibrium. Moving toward that goal, Prime Minister Botha has recently proposed various new constitutional arrangements, including a tri-cameral legislature with whites, Asians, and Coloreds (mixed races) sitting separately. The plan is complex as to jurisdiction, and is meeting with a variety of criticisms. The blacks are not included in the present plan, and are po-

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litically represented only in the so-called tribal homelands—at least for the time being. No one knows whether or how a multi-tribal political system will work, but it is a new idea. Anyway, come to think of it, the globe itself is multi-tribal.

■ Tony Lewis, fresh from commiserating with the Kremlin about Reagan's bellicosity, stopped off in London and devoted his next *New York Times* column to a pair of stage productions, *Henry IV* (both parts) and Verdi's *Falstaff*. Somehow the fat knight made a deep impression on the lean liberal, who echoed Falstaff's mockery of honor and his cry: "Give me life." Well do we remember the Falstaffian jollity with which Lewis greeted the Khmer Rouge "vision of a new society." Falstaff is just the sort of element who would be made short work of in any of the new societies Lewis's columns have hailed over the years.

■ Catholics, Jews, and Protestants in the New York area are uniting to combat the influence of "destructive cults," meaning specifically the Unification Church, a/k/a the Moonies. All very well, except that Moonies have been made possible by the dissipation of the established faiths. They don't, after all, ordain lesbians, ship arms to guerrillas, and ratify the general breakdown of secular society with sappy "openness." The next step is for the city's cults to unite against destructive churches.

■ Something new to worry about is a notable increase of neuroses in West Germany's piggeries. The trouble, as reported in the embassy's weekly press summary, rises from endeavors to cater to consumers' preference for leaner pork chops. Farmers have been breeding pigs for slenderness, thereby frustrating a natural porcine bent for plumpness and undermining pigs' capabilities to cope with stress, and shouldn't somebody do something about it?

■ Poland's military dictatorship announced that it would celebrate the 38th anniversary of the Communist takeover in Poland, which it calls "National Day" and everyone else ignores, by easing martial law a bit, which is to say, by being just a bit less Communist, but not enough to celebrate.

■ Congress has changed its mind about designating Mount St. Helens a "volcanic area," which we thought was pretty catchy, and has instead officially designated it a "monument." To what? The congressional mind at work?

■ We haven't been down on the farm lately, but our impression is that jackasses don't like embracing pigs either.

That New Tax Bill

I. A Bad Bill and a Bad Idea

As President Reagan said in his address to the nation August 16, he had to swallow hard before he could support a tax increase. The conservatives who opposed him had to swallow hard too; they were justifiably reluctant to break away, even on an isolated issue, from the President they have supported for so long. Their objections to the new tax bill were in no way discomfited by the drop in interest rates and the stock market gains that occurred on August 17. In-

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terest rates had been exaggeratedly high, and the drop was unrelated to the President's speech.

If the political rift is to heal, as it can and should, the nature of the conservative rebellion should be understood. To begin with, it was not a rebellion limited to "supply-siders" or "anti-tax ideologues," let alone boosters of a Kemp-in-'84 campaign. *Business Week*, a journal of respectable centrist and indeed rather Keynesian views, opposed the hike; so did the Chamber of Commerce, which stays in close touch with small-business and Main Street opinions; so did the vast majority of House Republicans, when they voted not to send the bill to conference. None of these groups shares the chief identifying marks of the radical supply-side position; none holds that the stimulative effects of tax cuts come immediately, or that big deficits are temporary and can safely be ignored, or that gold is the key to ending inflation.

If "supply-side ideology" was not at the root of the revolt, what was? Most of the major conservative objections can be grouped into three categories:

Taking off the pressure for spending cuts. Milton Friedman, who is no supply-sider, is the one most identified with this view. It holds simply that if congressional spenders are given new money, they will tend to spend it. The only pressure they feel to cut spending is the knowledge that at some point a big deficit becomes politically intolerable; if more money comes in, they will simply hold the deficit constant and raise spending.

This theory received powerful confirmation almost the instant the tax bill passed the Senate, as Congress began rushing to enact an election-year extension of unemployment benefits and to extend the spending life of that boondoggliest of the boondoggles, the Economic Development Administration. The Administration had initially opposed both spending sprees, but then backed down.

This argument might have been defused had the Administration succeeded in its aim of securing three dollars of spending cuts for every dollar of tax increases. As the *Wall Street Journal* showed in an editorial, the real ratio is likely to be 3 to 1 the other way. Not only are many of the "cuts" illusory or nonexistent, but some make spending programs worse. The farm program compromise merely shifts the burden from taxpayers to consumers by restricting production. The Medicare "cuts" merely enact parts of a hospital cost-containment scheme akin to the one President Carter unsuccessfully pushed for. One of these provisions would delay government reimbursements to hospitals by a month, starting in September 1983, so as to push the month's expenditure into the next fiscal year—this at a time when businessmen are already complaining about tardy payments of federal bills.

Wasting political energy. At a time when some analysts expect the Republicans to lose thirty seats in the next congressional election, the Republican National Committee spends untold amounts, in radio and direct-mail appeals, to step up the pressure on . . . its party's own congressmen. White House aides threaten (and then deny threatening) a cut-off of party funds to those who stand by what was, up until two months ago, standard party policy. All the lobbying muscle that has not been used to win crucial environmental votes, or votes on tuition tax credits, is brought to bear. Party operatives too respectful of conscience to arm-twist liberal Gypsy Moths on spending votes suddenly take indecent glee in twisting conservative arms into taffy.

Coupled with this are the concessions to Democrats. The last time the Administration lobbied this hard was on AWACS (another vote that split conservatives, incidentally) and sugar buyers are still paying the price for the import quotas needed to win the vote of Senator Long (D., La.) on AWACS. This time, the Administration caved in to Democrats on unemployment benefits, and probably other issues as well, to gain their support.

Actually, the browbeating resembled not so much the AWACS lobbying as the Democrats' loyalty test on ERA. It is no surprise that the Democrats are willing to punish candidates for not adhering to Democratic principle; but why are the Republicans?

Raising the wrong taxes. The bill drew opposition even from many people who are not dead-set against new taxes in general. Many taxes have their adherents among conservatives: a tariff on OPEC oil, the repeal of tax leasing and industrial development bonds, limits on the deductibility of medical insurance, and higher user fees. But why should conservatives want to punish high earners by preventing them from saving money for their retirement? Why should they join in a pointless attempt to discourage corporate mergers and acquisitions by worsening their tax treatment?

Perhaps the strangest misconception of all is that the "taxpayer compliance measures" are somehow the most innocuous part of the package. True enough, these measures are designed to squeeze more revenue out of the taxes currently on the books, rather than add new taxes. But as the *Wall Street Journal* point-

The Trouble with Kemp

There's always one in every crowd;
  They tend to spoil the fun.
They guard the tablets lovingly
  And lecture Number One.
What's right is all that turns them on;
  What's wrong brings out the beast.
When fighting Kemp it's best to call
  A minister or priest.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ed out, it would do so by imposing unusually high paperwork costs. Moreover, it would draw the new taxes fairly evenly from the whole population, not just those who seemingly underpay now. The major benefit from underreporting of tips, for example, goes to the customers, not the employees, of restaurants and hotels, since the latter are paid lower wages than they would be otherwise.

Conservative Republicans were among the first to call attention to the "underground economy." They raised the issue in order to point up the folly of driving productive activity underground through crushing taxation, not because they hoped to reduce the underground economy to the same degree of sickly overtaxation and overregulation that prevails in the rest of the economy. Yet that is what will happen if the IRS manages to root it out. Like boys dropping cherry bombs into gopher holes, the tax collectors will devastate the underground without gaining much of value for themselves—aside from the sheer thrill of it.

And there will be another cost. Taxpayers already lack the due-process and civil-liberties rights that are routinely accorded to tax-consumers. (One of the absurd and iniquitous ironies here is that it can be easier for the government to seize a taxpayer's bank account than to cut off a federal grant to an advocacy group.) While policymakers at other agencies can hardly sneeze without public notice and comment (not to mention opportunity for public participation), tax collectors can behave with virtual freedom from presidential, congressional, or judicial review of their actions. The tax bill finally addressed this national scandal, in order, by handing the IRS even more powers, to make it worse.

II. But . . . Vote Yes

Last Monday evening the President appeared on prime-time television to argue, eloquently, that ballooning deficits must be checked, that the recession has proved to be more stubborn than anticipated, and that the money markets must be convinced that fiscal discipline exists. Mr. Reagan made a brave effort to play down his own manifest unhappiness with the present bill. His position amounts, bottom line, to: Better this bill than no bill at all.

The economic arguments here and the political arguments do not necessarily issue in the same conclusion. Beginning with the Republican Convention in Detroit, and on through campaign, election, and his first year in office, Mr. Reagan has presided over a remarkably unified Republican Party. That has been the basis for his legislative as well as his broader political success. The present tax bill has opened a deep split and has cast the President into an incongruous alliance with Speaker O'Neill and the House liberal Democrats.

No doubt some Republican legislators will find it impossible to support the President on this bill. Others, however, will decide that, whatever the faults of the bill, Mr. Reagan's political leadership has on balance been superb, and they will vote with him here. Politics, after all, involves more than economic argument. Though personal loyalty and party discipline may not be absolutely decisive they are nevertheless compelling; and a substantial repudiation of the President by the most energetic elements in his coalition could prove damaging in the long run to far more than the economy.

The Politics of Looking Good

The best thing for the current Congress to do about international nuclear-arms issues is nothing. Prospects for that salutary result are bright in the wake of the close vote, 204 to 202, in the House of Representatives affirming the Reagan Administration's negotiating approach and rejecting the Democratic leadership's formula for a nuclear freeze at existing levels (in the naïve hope of wheedling better terms later on from a mollified and indulgent Soviet Union) and for giving legislative effect to the sidetracked SALT II pact. A counterpart resolution approved by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee borrows from both the version the House passed and the one it rejected. The Foreign Relations Committee did not fall for the freeze gimmick, but did include the officious notion of giving legislative effect to SALT II. The Senate's apparent mood is apathetic toward any version, whatever the mixture.

For all the dramatics of the late-night debate, the mood of the House is said to be similar. Many, perhaps even most, on the prevailing side so voted in order to head off the mischief inherent in the Democratic-backed freeze resolution. Some freeze supporters, meanwhile, own privately to voting as they did only because of their confidence that the Senate would kill the idea anyway—and, of course, to avert retribution at the polls from True Believers in the freeze.

What can be said of the 204 to 202 outcome is that it averted a measure of discredit for the House in one of its occasional exercises in the politics of

A Call to Arms

It's taxing time, don't ask me why,
So if you smoke or drink or fly,
Call Mom a lot, invest in stocks,
Put cash in banks instead of socks,
Or list deductions when you're sick,
They're asking you to be a brick,
Smile, hold your nose, turn on the vent,
And rally round the President.

W. H. von Dreele

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"The trouble with Money, Don, is there's no money in it."

looking good as distinguished from doing good. It was not one of the House's better days—or nights. It calls up Mayor Edward Koch's reference to his years in the House, quoted in Richard Reeves's *American Journey*: "I was dumb. We all were. I voted for so much crap. Who knew? We got carried away . . ." After all, as the Mayor goes on, it is hard to be recorded as being against abstractly benign schemes. Even so, "as I look back it is hard to believe I could have been taken in by the simplicity of what Congress was doing and by the flimsy empirical support . . ."

Weidenbaum's Exit

The Council of Economic Advisors is the institutional corral into which Administrations herd economists so as to concentrate and thus more easily ignore their advice. This system of confinement has broken down lately. The Office of Management and Budget and such Cabinet-level departments as Treasury and Commerce have hired their own sets of economists, and now so much advice is coming in from various parts of the government that it has become well-nigh impossible to ignore it all simultaneously.

During his year and a half as Council chairman, Murray Weidenbaum concentrated his energies on a few areas, such as regulatory reform and free trade, where free-market economists are relatively unified and confident. Even in those areas Weidenbaum often had to fight an uphill battle behind the scenes to keep from being entirely ignored. (His remaining colleague on the Council, Bill Niskanen, is likely to continue that battle: Niskanen left a job as top economist at the Ford Motor Company rather than endorse quotas on Japanese auto imports.) On the macroeconomic side, Weidenbaum was a good mediator in the cacophonous disputes between factions in the Administration, a task that became less crucial after the supply-siders lost out this year.

Like the earlier departure of Martin Anderson, another academic with no taste for office infighting, Weidenbaum's exit weakens the relative position of the defenders of conservative principle. His successor, Martin Feldstein of Harvard and the National Bureau of Economic Research, is widely respected for his research work, and is an expert on Social Security financing and medical care—two areas direly in need of reform. As a latecomer to the Administration's ranks, however, he will find it especially hard to get anyone to listen, and in the long run he may decide, as Weidenbaum apparently did, that he can give more effective advice from outside the government.

Findley's Follies

Representative Paul Findley (R., Ill.) deserves inclusion in that section of the *Dunciad* reserved for political frivolity. He has sponsored a bill, now approved 22 to 12 by the House Foreign Affairs Committee, which would eliminate the sanctions imposed by the President on the sale of equipment for the Euro-Siberian pipeline. Findley argues that blocking the sales has cost American jobs, no doubt referring to key positions in the rope industry which manufactures the nooses with which capitalists are scheduled to hang themselves.

Another Illinois Republican, Representative Edward Derwinski, observed that the Findley bill "is nothing but a deliberate slap in the face of the President of the United States."

Yes, but that may accord it too much dignity. We call it cement-heated grandstanding. In the extremely unlikely event that this bill passed both the House and the Senate, the President could hardly be expected to sign it into law. As Samuel Johnson once observed, "such stupidity is not in nature"; that is, it represents a considerable accomplishment of the human will.

First Duty

The Senate has approved overwhelmingly an overdue revision of the nation's immigration laws, and the House is expected to follow suit. The Senate vote was 81 to 18, reflecting a broad consensus behind this effort to bring the immigration situation under some sort of control.

Senator Alan K. Simpson (R., Wyo.), the sponsor

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of the bill, describes it as "a very small step forward," but in reality it represents the greatest change in U.S. immigration policy since the passage of the McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Act thirty years ago. The new legislation is a reasonable and fairly practical measure, designed to deal as effectively as possible with a situation requiring immediate handling.

Opponents of the legislation in its present state object to the proposed rules by which millions of illegal aliens already present in the country would be repatriated; to the allegedly "racist" overtones of immigration control; and to the proposed requirement that the American labor force be required to carry identification cards on the basis of which employers could certify that prospective employees were indeed legally resident in this country and eligible for hiring.

The first of these objections can be dismissed largely on practical grounds: amnesty (permanent residential status) for illegal aliens resident here since January 1, 1977 is simply the most convenient way of dealing with the existing situation; the last strikes us as merely a libertarian fetish. (American citizens already carry Social Security cards, and so what?). As for the second, it is largely demagogic. To the extent that it is not, it merely fails to recognize that the United States is at present faced with an influx of illegal immigrants who, if the current rate holds, will by 2080 bring the population of this country to 300 million people, more than a third of them descendants of refugees arrived since 1980. Most of the newcomers are of a culture indeed alien to that of the United States, and they promise to constitute indefinitely an underclass not readily assimilable by the majority at the present rate.

As Senator Simpson says, it is time for the U.S. to exercise "the first and most important duty of a sovereign nation": control over its borders.

Addendum to the Above

The problem of massive Third World immigration is not only a preoccupation of worried members of Congress. One of the two major movies of the summer of 1982, *Blade Runner*, is set in the year 2019 in the city of Los Angeles. Despite some of its high-tech features, the place looks like a nightmare version of a combined Ginza, Calcutta, and Hispanic *barrio*. Automobiles have been replaced by bikes. The music that blares in the streets is sometimes Arabic and sometimes Oriental. The huge illuminated head of a Japanese woman urges customers to drink Coca-Cola, in Japanese. The common language is Streetspeak, a combination of Japanese, Spanish, and German. The director, Ridley Scott, clearly has in mind the possibility of cultural disaster. Interestingly, the other big hit of the summer of '82, *ET*, has an opposite message. Beings from elsewhere are gentle and benign. The really awful people are the present adult white American inhabitants of, yes, Los Angeles. Further note: Jean Raspail's great novel of ten years ago, *The Camp of the Saints*, about the inundation of the south of France by a human wave of boat people from Calcutta, has just been reissued in a paperback edition. The belated activity that has just taken place in Congress surely responds to the perception that the United States cannot accommodate all who wish to move here, whether from Asia, the Caribbean, Central America, or elsewhere in the Third World. The silent invasion must be brought under control.

Taiwan Communiqué

The U.S. and Peking have signed a communiqué, couched in the deliberately ambiguous language of diplomacy, regarding the relations of both nations with the Republic of China on Taiwan. In this agreed-upon statement, Peking pledges to seek reunification with Taiwan by "peaceful means," while the U.S. promises not to exceed current levels of arms sales and also gradually to reduce them.

Peking's pledge of peacefulness represents a concession. Heretofore, the Communist Chinese had maintained that the method of achieving reunification was an internal matter. The concession, however, is platonic. The dilapidated People's Army has no capacity to launch an amphibious invasion across the hundred-mile-wide Taiwan Strait. The communiqué also accepts the principle of U.S. arms sales, previously excoriated—meaning, now, the sale of F5-E jets. The U.S. concessions—i.e., not exceeding current arms levels, and a gradual reduction in volume of sales—could be important depending upon whether President Reagan or, say, Ted Kennedy is interpreting that language. Needless to say, however, any Administration would appear to be bound by the terms of the 1979 Taiwan Relations Act, which commits the U.S. to supplying "such defense articles and defense services in such quantity as may be necessary to enable Taiwan to maintain a sufficient self-defense capability."

Perhaps the essence of the new communiqué is that it permits the present regime in Peking—which is probably marginally preferable to the visible alternatives—to save face. That is, the U.S. has promised, after all, not to ship MX missiles to Taiwan.

Beyond that, it remains a matter of some curiosity why the desire apparently exists in some quarters—in the State Department, in the media, and in Cambridge, Mass.—to undercut Taiwan in favor of Peking. Under present circumstances, as is made clear once again in Fox Butterfield's new book *China: Alive in the Bitter Sea*, no one would willingly live in the society established on the mainland. Communist China is also, in the international arena, a pitiful helpless giant: miserably poor, economically stagnant, and militarily weak. The People's Army failed even to

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As you probably know . . .

. . . Bill Buckley has been writing a series of spy thrillers that have become bestsellers. Small wonder: they really are fascinating books. They chronicle the daring, brash (and *brainy*, of course!) adventures of Blackford Oakes, a dashing ex-Yale CIA agent. One of his best and most intriguing assignments occurred in *Stained Glass*, a book now rather hard to come by.

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Stained Glass, by the way, is winner of an American Book Award, and the perfect example of *why* these Blackford Oakes novels have won such critical acclaim. They're much *more* than mere thrillers (only Bill Buckley would dare add all the other elements, marvelous stuff you won't find in anybody else's novels!). This one takes place some seven years after World War II (round about when Buckley himself was in the CIA . . .), and has plenty of action and a plot that will keep you guessing right up to the final pages. More, it really *does* involve stained glass, and what you learn will illuminate that fascinating art as do the windows themselves (i.e., you'll see it all from the inside).

Again, don't miss this opportunity to get this famous thriller *free*. Just use the card facing this page now.

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make a dent in North Vietnam. Not a single new Soviet division has been added on the Siberian front since Peking and Washington normalized relations.

The Front Page

The execution of Frank Coppola was something of a disappointment. The Virginia killer had resigned himself to electrocution, and was killed largely because he had quit haggling. His death hardly increases the chance that other murderers will pay involuntarily for their crimes.

Stephen Morris of Reston, Virginia made the point well in a letter to the *Washington Post*:

"Frank J. Coppola, a convicted murderer who asked to die, made front-page news in the *Post* August 11 when he was executed by the State of Virginia. But if one managed to turn to page 12 of that same edition there were two articles—'Man Admits Slaying at Least Nine Women' and 'Five Found Killed in Rural Home.' That's 14 deaths by murder on page 12 and one death by execution on page one.

"I maintain that the *Post* won't get the murders off page 12 until we make capital punishment so prevalent that it can get off page one and move to page 12, where it belongs."

Henry Fonda, R I P

Even as America found room in its hall of fame for the brother of John Wilkes Booth, so will it forgive Henry Fonda for having begotten Jane. The Fonda character was always pretty much the same, with piercingly beautiful eyes, quavering voice, and square jaw conveying quiet Midwestern *gravitas*; but few of the great film stars have been very versatile, and Fonda moved from migrant worker to U.S. President with the minimum of necessary modulation. The triumph of his technique was the little smile, the catch in the throat, that sneaked up on you when he played a scene. His private life was notoriously turbulent—an embarrassment to him, since the sturdy character he played on-screen was really his ideal. He agreed that five wives was too many, and he thought he was being overrated—and overfêted—in his old age. Maybe so; and probably it was that essential humility that made him so compelling to watch. If he was overrated, he was the kind of man one wants to overrate.

Marcia Burnham, R I P

She was married to James Burnham in the mid-Thirties, and there was no problem in the St. Paul, Minnesota Lightner clan about bloodlines or any such thing (Jim's father was a minor railroad magnate in Chicago, and he had graduated first in his class at Princeton). But you see, Jim was a, er, radical. So the marriage was guardedly consented to, and its subsequent success suggests that all marriages from now on should begin with one of the partners a Trotskyist.

When, three grown-up children later, forty years after the publication of *The Managerial Revolution*, thirty years after the three seminal books on the Struggle for the World, 25 years after James had begun his work for NATIONAL REVIEW, he was struck down, and death was expected, Marcia told a friend, "No one was ever loved the way I have been loved." Not the kind of romance one associated either with James, courtly, self-effacing, proper; or with Marcia, Scandinavian-handsome, poised, rather on the formal side. But so it was, and when James recovered, she let go her duties in real estate (Marcia Burnham Associates) and devoted herself exclusively to her husband. And, of course, to her children, all of whom, with their children, were present at the little Congregational Church on Friday, August 13, to bid her Godspeed after her losing fight with pulmonary collapse. C. Dickerman Williams, the distinguished constitutional authority, lawyer, and in later years close friend, was in Colorado. He wrote: "Marcia was one of the finest women I ever knew. She had all the strengths, all the inner warmth, of the great lady she was."

Notes & Asides

■ W. F. Buckley Jr.
Nasty Review

My entry into Mr. Honea's proposed oxymoron contest ["Notes & Asides," July 9], is "Government Worker."

Sieg Yoder
San José, Calif.

■ Dear Bill:

I read your letter about my subscription to your "First Love" NATIONAL REVIEW. I don't think I am going to do that.

But although not being ready to subscribe, I did want you to know however, that we have an opening on our staff. We are looking for someone who has a new approach to writing letters, makes them readable, persuasive, and can do them with tongue-in-cheek. You obviously are well qualified for this position. It pays $9,000 a year. Should NATIONAL REVIEW not be able to obtain the necessary subscriptions and you are seeking employment, we would certainly consider you.

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I personally would want to check into your academic background. But I think that you probably could cut it on that basis.

Warm personal regards,
Howard M. Metzenbaum
United States Senator

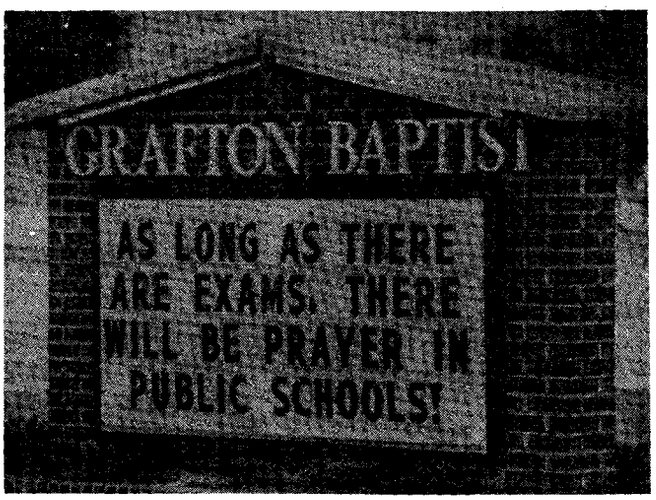
P.S. I'm good for a free lunch if you're in Washington some time. I would enjoy it.

Dear Howard:
If you will let me write your letters, I'll work for you for nothing!

With cordial regards,
Bill

P.S. The whole country knows you're good for a free lunch. But anyway, I accept.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
I enjoyed this, wanted to share it, and thought of you.



Regards,
Ruby Y. Miller
Newport News, Va.

■ June 16, '82 12:36 P.M.
Dear Mr. Buckley:
I do not wish to be a pedant, but I really must object to an item in the June 25 issue of *NR*. I hope I beat Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn to the punch on this one. On page 739 you make a joking reference to Yuri Andropov, identifying him as "Tsarytsyn, or heir apparent." The Russian word for heir apparent, problems of transliteration aside, is "tsarevich," and is not capitalized. "Tsarytsyn" is an old form of the possessive. To be sure both of these words mean, roughly, "(son) of the tsar." The usages are, however, entirely different.

"Tsarytsyn" would do for a last name, or even for a place name (see pre-revolutionary Stalingrad for example). "Tsarevich" is exclusively the title of the heir apparent.

I appreciate the jest. Still, I find it hard to believe that you do not have anyone on your staff who speaks Russian! Come now, Mr. Buckley, you know how important it is to know your enemy.

Yours in Freedom,
Barry A. Zulauf
Political Science
Indiana University
Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Professor Zulauf: When the Russians come, we don't intend to speak to them, in *any* language. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
I was astounded and chagrined (as you probably are too by now, if you read the finished product of *NR*'s issue of July 9, first paragraph of column 2 on page 808). There I read, concerning Newark Mayor Kenneth Gibson, that he had "won a bitter runoff election against his former friend and *cohort* [italics mine]."

Your journal, which sets the standards of elegant writing and accurate usage, let a solecism slip by when your editor overlooked the fact that *cohort* cannot be used in the singular to denote one person but "it should designate members, too numerous to be conveniently counted, of some sort of united group" (see Follett's *Modern American Usage*, 1966, p. 99).

You will probably receive many other letters from readers who have noticed the same slip—indeed, I hope you do, otherwise the future of the language is even grimmer than I feared.

Sincerely,
Lou Rose
Lusby, Md.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
If a liberal calls me a Fascist because I am a conservative, what should I do? Should I:
a) diplomatically ignore the hyperbole;
b) say: "When I become dictator, you'll go into the camps!"; or
c) duke him/her out?
I'm inclined toward c), but, being a Midwesterner, I am oblivious to such matters of etiquette. What is the proper response? Any suggestions would be appreciated greatly.

Yours semi-sincerely,
Jeff Tutt
Michigan City, Ind.

Dear Mr. Tutt: You might try, "That's what *all* the Communists say about me." Granted, that sort of thing is *tu quoque*. But fascists are famous for that. Cordially, **—WFB**

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Reagan's Social Mission

THE PRESIDENT'S entanglement with the tax bill may have one semi-redeeming effect: the conservative social agenda may be advanced. So much ire was provoked by Mr. Reagan's tax action that the President now feels impelled to try to heal the breach with his right-wing populist constituency by exerting himself on those conservative social issues he so eloquently enumerated in early August before the Knights of Columbus at their hundredth anniversary in Hartford. Flanked by 150 bishops and ten cardinals, bedecked in their fuchsia zucchettos and braid, the President deplored double taxation of parents who send their children to private/parochial schools, lamented the national tragedy of abortion-on-demand, called for a school-prayer amendment, and denounced forced busing.

At the outset of his Administration, Mr. Reagan started the engine of social conservatism, throttled the train forward a little, then jumped onto the budget-and-tax express on another track, leaving revolution number one idling. Now, fresh impetus is being put into social legislative action through congressional and court initiatives.

Justice v. *the Courts*

On the forced-busing issue, the President loosed the Department of Justice one week after the Knights of Columbus speech. For the first time, Justice sided with a school board against forced busing, arguing that white flight from schools is grounds for halting the busing. In Baton Rouge, four thousand white children—out of 35,000 elementary-school students—have left the system since busing was put into effect last fall. The Justice Department now says that the busing of children, who are themselves innocent of any wrongdoing, in order to remedy a constitutional violation brought about by the conduct of officials decades earlier, is at odds with the principle that legal burdens relate with reasonable immediacy to individual responsibility. Whaddayaknow. Common sense from the Civil Rights Division. At last.

The able head of the Division is William Bradford Reynolds, who correctly notes that "the preoccupation with mandatory busing" has generally broadened, rather than narrowed, "racial isolation." Parents refuse to permit their children to travel unnecessary distances to attend public schools, so they put them in private schools or move beyond the reach of desegregation decrees.

So the new Reagan court doctrine is this: if a busing plan produces so much flight from public schools that greater racial polarity is spawned by the plan than existed before, busing should be scrapped. Public-school systems in Boston, Cleveland, Memphis, Detroit, Denver, and elsewhere can expect to have their desegregation cases reopened if this sensible approach is accepted.

On the abortion issue, the President made it clear to the Knights that he stands foursquare behind human-life legislation, but he chose not to referee the contention over the three bills now before the Senate: namely, Jesse Helms's abortion amendment, which would make an end-run around the Supreme Court by giving both the states and the Federal Government the authority to curb or prohibit abortions; the bill that would define life as beginning at conception; and the bill that would eliminate direct and indirect federal funding for abortion (except when the mother's life is in danger).

On this touchy abortion issue, the President has again turned to the Justice Department, and a second unprecedented legal initiative has been shaped. The Department filed an *amicus curiae* brief with the Supreme Court urging that restraints on the "fundamental right" to abortion—as the High Court has called this invented and exotic license (*Roe* v. *Wade*, 1973)—be subject to very deferential standards of constitutional review rather than, as now, strict and killing review. For example, in applying the strict-scrutiny standard, the Court has mistakenly ruled that the consent of a husband or a parent as a condition for a wife or a minor to obtain an abortion is unneeded. If the President gets his way, abortions will not be quite that condition-free. This is the first time, by the way, that the Justice Department has taken part in any abortion case not involving federal funding.

Social issues are a curious hybrid and must be handled carefully by politicians. Indeed, before they can be handled at all, they have to incubate. Otherwise the delicate plant is killed and the politician is tainted as an extremist. For this reason, those counselors to the President who have been telling him to keep his hands off social issues, and only pay them the lip service that his true believers expect, are not altogether off the mark. The public will reject a politician who brutishly seizes sensitive issues that are intricately wrapped in elements of constitutionality and personal conviction.

RR's Timing

So it is probably just as well that Mr. Reagan has proceeded slowly on these social items until now, since the intellectual waters needed to be warmed before the public would be willing to entrust itself to the new element. The endless congressional hearings, court filing, community/academe/media roundtables that often seemed to conservatives to be only dilatory tactics have all supplied the heat, working toward that point of intellectual acceptability at which the public becomes willing to go along with an experiment.

If you put particular social issues to one side, and look at the social *Gestalt* of the nation, you will see, I submit, that our collective mindset on social issues has changed quite remarkably under Ronald Reagan. The conservative outlook has gained in intellectual respectability. Liberals are more willing now —compelled even—to debate on their merits those issues that they had hitherto regarded as extreme or kooky, like the prayer or abortion amendments.

More may have happened to the American psyche in the first twenty months of the Reagan era than we—or perhaps even Mr. Reagan himself—realize. Will it be a socio/cultural conservative fad, or a stabilizing and durable national consensus? □

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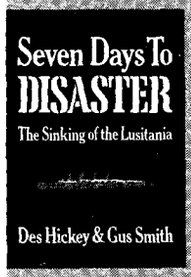

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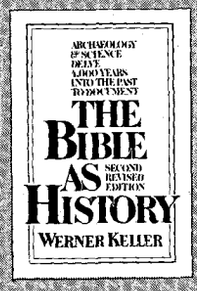
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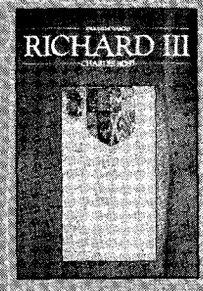

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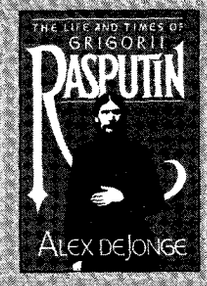

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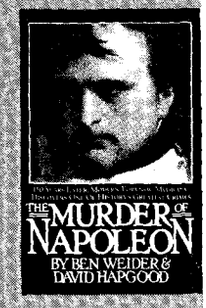

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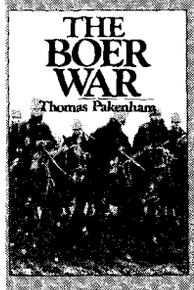

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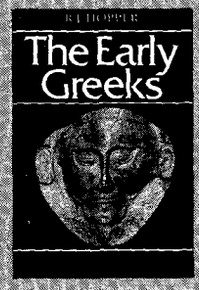

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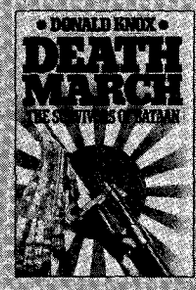

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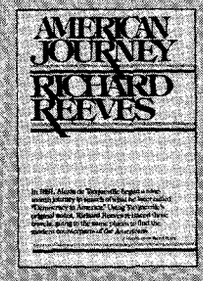

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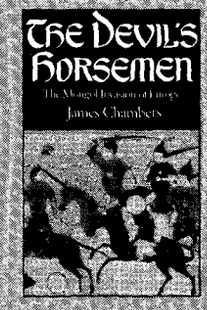

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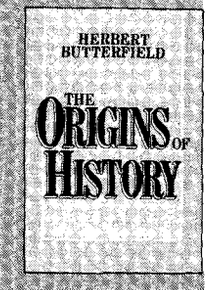

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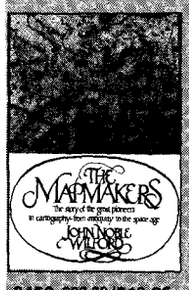

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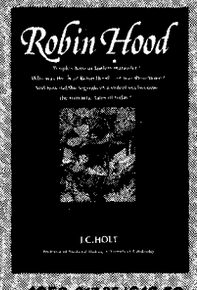

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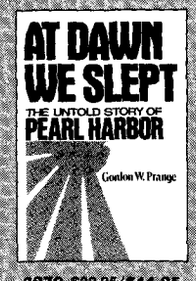

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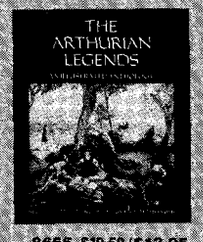

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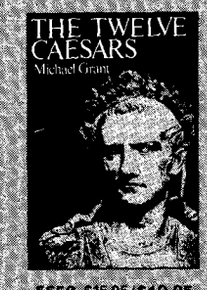

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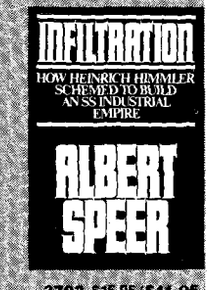

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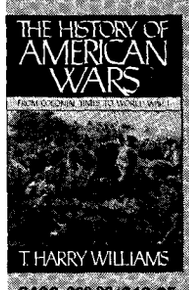

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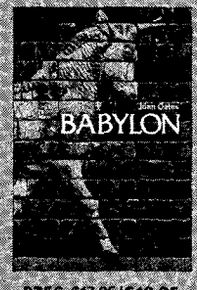

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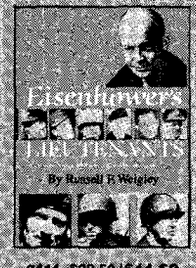

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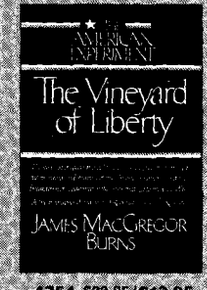

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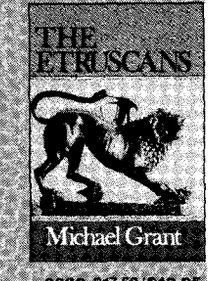

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The Fading Memory

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

Is DETENTE a fading memory? Do people still take it seriously? The answer to both questions is yes. The contradiction is part of our current dilemma. In the USSR, too, bold individuals, questioning the orthodox wisdom, seek the key to "peace" in an understanding between their country and the United States of America. They will not get very far, but their courage is admirable.

To be specific, I am referring to an event of early June, when 11 Soviet intellectuals called a conference in a Moscow apartment and launched a movement "for establishing trust between the USSR and the U.S.A."

Now, when such things happen in Moscow or Leningrad or Kiev, it is awfully difficult to know for sure whether those involved are independent agents risking their lives or livelihoods, or whether it is all a complicated deception ploy of the KGB. In this instance, all the signs were that the move was genuine—that is, taken without prior official approval.

Catch 22

The clearest sign is that the intellectuals departed from approved wisdom by putting the USSR and the U.S.A. on the same moral basis, thus violating the standing rule that the Soviet Union is the only true champion of "peace" and the U.S. the major obstacle to a peaceful world.

"It is high time," the 11 pioneers declared, "that politicians included the enormous creative potential of the general public in the search for disarmament and peace." The ultimate goals were "the total liquidation of nuclear arms and other stocks of weapons of mass murder, the limitation and reduction of conventional arms." To this end, there should be "a free exchange of opinions" between the two superpowers, and in both the general public should be informed about disarmament issues.

The group specifically disclaimed any notion that they were dissidents. In fact, their statement in many respects simply echoed the official line, approving the "confidence-building measures" (Basket One) in the Helsinki package of 1975. They would have been on safe, or safer, ground had they stressed that the Soviet Union, in this and other respects, was blameless and sincere, and addressed their appeal to Americans only.

In fact, as you will have guessed, the group did fall afoul of the Soviet authorities, and the weight of state power soon fell upon its two principal spokesmen: Sergei Batovrin, a freelance artist and the son of a retired Soviet diplomat; and Sergei Rosenauer, a mathematician. Both were detained by the police and reminded that all organized groups had to register with the authorities before operating. Another member, Vladimir Fleischgakker, was threatened with prosecution. He was reminded, in case he might have forgotten, that Article 200 of the Criminal Code of the Russian Federated Soviet Socialist Republic prescribes up to six months in jail for "the unwarranted exercise, in violation of the legally established order, of one's actual or supposed rights." Thereafter, members of the group were placed under house arrest and Western journalists were told not to go near them or try to communicate with them. A bold student of philology at Moscow University who had signed a petition issued by the 11 intellectuals was told to disown his signature or be expelled from the university.

Not surprisingly, the proposed "Group for Establishing Trust between the USSR and the U.S.A." did not manage to get itself registered. The rally they wanted to organize in Moscow at the end of June did not take place. Now members of the group are trying to emigrate.

I have dwelt at length upon this case study because the issues seem to me to transcend the numerical importance of the 11 men involved. It is natural for young people, and for older ones who have not quite grown up, to suppose that "peace" will come when peoples understand each other better; although it is difficult to understand how this sentiment could persist in the face of the evidence of official international behavior in, say, the Olympic Games.

An "understanding" between the peoples of two countries, the one free, the other totally shackled, is irrelevant because impossible. The 11, humble and young though they were, were in breach of the iron rule which says that, in the closed ideological market of the Soviet Union, only officially approved bodies can do or say anything. The USSR already had an officially approved peace body, the Soviet Committee for the Defense of Peace. In contrast to the 11 unfortunates of Moscow, this Committee claims eighty *million* members, as befits the home branch of the Soviet-controlled World Peace Council, whose dupes flock to anti-West and anti-U.S. demonstrations throughout the United States and Europe.

Kremlinspeak

It is often said by people of evil faith and ill will that the World Peace Council organizes rallies for peace in the West, but not in the Soviet Union. What a slanderous statement! The Soviet Union, too, has its peace rallies, whereat the "peace-loving policies" of the Soviet leadership are suitably praised and scathing denunciations of Western "imperialist aggression" are carried by mass acclaim.

Note also that in the Soviet vocabulary there is no antithesis between love and hate. It is all a question, as Lenin said, of "Who, whom," or, in this case, who says what about whom. Thus Boris Pastukhov, a full member of the ruling party's Central Committee, told a Komsomol congress in May: "In the world of today, love for the Socialist fatherland is impossible without class hatred." In ideological semantics, if you translate this formula into international terms, what is meant is that peaceful coexistence implies the intensification of the international class struggle, meaning in turn ritual denunciations of the West in the name of peace.

No, detente is not dead, for it was never born. It is encouraging, however, to note the recent publication in Paris of a symposium of articles originally published in the French quarterly *Politique Internationale* (a more robust version of *Foreign Affairs*) under the apposite title of "*Après la détente.*"

In the minds of many, however, detente was truly born and lives on despite its wounds. In some capitals, most notably in Bonn, it is an article of faith. The case of the 11 Moscow intellectuals should engage their attention. □

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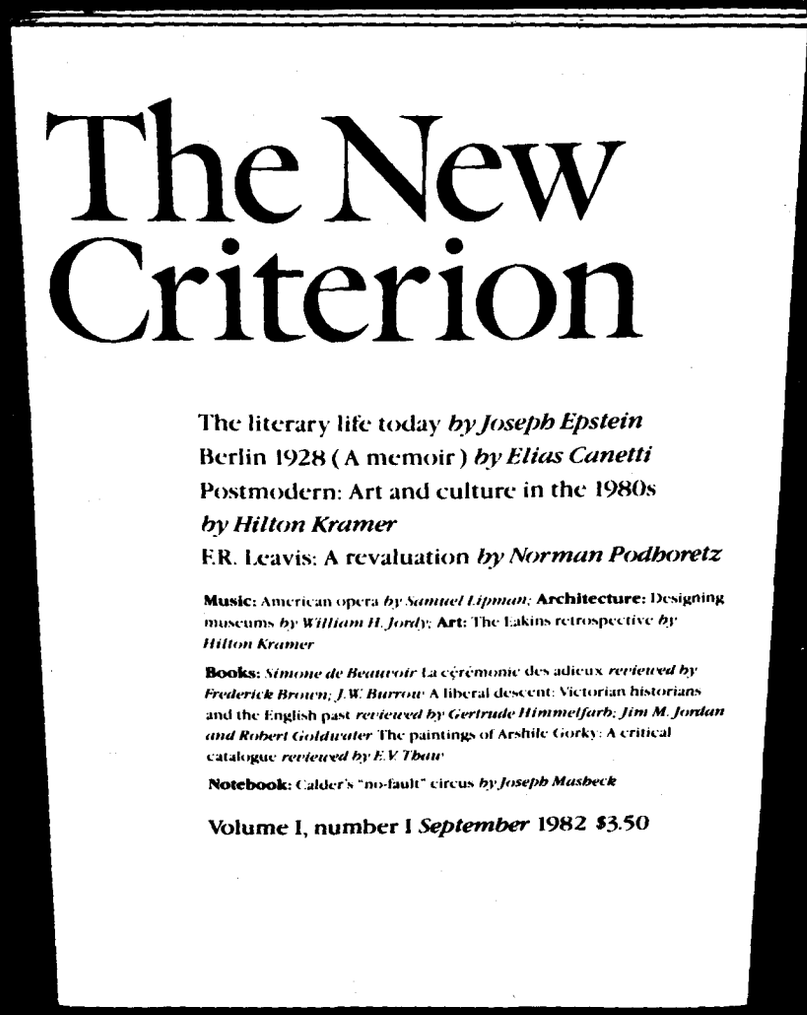
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JOSEPH SOBRAN

Reaganomics Without Reagan

In July the Party of Compassion found a new hero. A Republican hero at that. He was Robert Dole, the Kansas Republican, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. The *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* eulogized him, and he was turning up on all the sober Sunday morning talk shows. Even George McGovern said admiringly that "Bob Dole has grown."

What had Dole done to win the hearts and minds of these liberal critics, so fiercely anti-Dole during the 1976 presidential campaign? He had merely steered through the Finance Committee a bill calling for what the *Post* termed "the largest tax increase in peacetime history." What's more, President Reagan backed Dole—tentatively at first, and then with the full weight of the White House. His chief advisor, James Baker, obliquely took credit for steering Reagan away from Reaganomics. He told an English interviewer that he was not compromising the President's anti-tax principles, "I'm simply adjusting them to realities."

Dole's warmest admirer, though, was *Time* magazine, which ran color photos of him in statesmanlike poses and echoed the theme that Bob Dole had grown: "They are not laughing so much at Bob Dole these days. . . . The difference now is that Dole's colleagues take him more seriously. . . . Dole had mellowed and matured . . . shunning rigid ideology . . . pulling Reagan and the White House toward a much needed package of selected tax increases . . . fending off New York Republican Congressman Jack Kemp and other unbending advocates of supply-side economics."

The Dole tax bill sailed through the Senate, even though not a single Democrat voted for it, either in committee or on the floor. Yet there were no hard feelings. In fact, Dan Rostenkowski, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, said publicly, "Let's face it, Republicans wrote a tax bill that has been in the bottom drawers of Democratic tax reformers for years." The *Washington Post* thought Dole's bill richly deserved more Democratic backing. "Support the Finance Committee," urged an editorial the day after the Committee passed it. When the Senate passed it too, another editorial wondered innocently why Democrats were "cutting themselves out of any share of the well-deserved credit for the first significant move toward tax reform in decades." (Tax *cuts*, mind you, don't qualify as tax "reforms.") House Democrats appeared strangely eager to propel the bill unamended to the White House, letting Republicans hog all the credit.

Other odd things were going on. While applauding Dole's efforts to reduce the deficit by raising taxes, both the *Post* and the *Times* ran hysterical batches of editorials damning the proposed constitutional amendment to require a balanced budget every year.

It wasn't that the Party of Compassion was losing sleep over red ink. It was something else. Yet another *Post* editorial took the occasion of the Dole bill to sigh that Reaganomics, after an 18-month "fair trial," had, alas, failed. Was "discredited by events." Hadn't the supply-siders promised that the first whiff of tax cuts would spur an anticipatory recovery? And here we were, in a recession! Too bad.

Actually, as Paul Craig Roberts soon reminded the *Post*, only Martin Feldstein of Harvard had made any such suggestion. Orthodox supply-siders had predicted just the opposite: that investors would *defer* productive activity until taxes actually fell. The *Post* had still not managed, after 18 months, to grasp the supply-side case it was now dismissing. Clearly there was something other than empiricism at stake here.

But at least the *Post* had been elegiac about Reaganomics. *The New Republic* was less kind. It sneered that Dole and Reagan were "scared."

Less polemical press accounts are also being shaded to make Reagan, for once, the good guy; his old supply-side allies, meanwhile, are shown as acting out of "ideology" or even "theology." Actually, of course, the supply-side approach is miles away from the old anti-welfare, budget-balancing fundamentalism of the Republican Party. But the Party of Compassion would much rather deal, right now, with the old fundamentalists, yea, even Dole.

In 1980 Ronald Reagan redefined the Republican Party. He made it seem more inclusive than it had previously appeared: a party for blue-collar workers and Catholics, not just bankers and farmers. Reagan's strategic pivot was the economy. He would use the supply-side approach, cutting taxes, rhetorically known as "getting government off the backs of the American people."

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There are two levels here. One is narrow and practical, the other deeper and more philosophical.

Though often called a "theory," supply-side economics is common-sensical. It assumes that people work for rewards. If you tax them too much, you will not only discourage them but lower your own revenues.

Specifically, supply-siders say we are already overtaxed, and therefore it is in everyone's interest to lower taxes at least somewhat. By the same token it is irrational to go on taxing at our present rates.

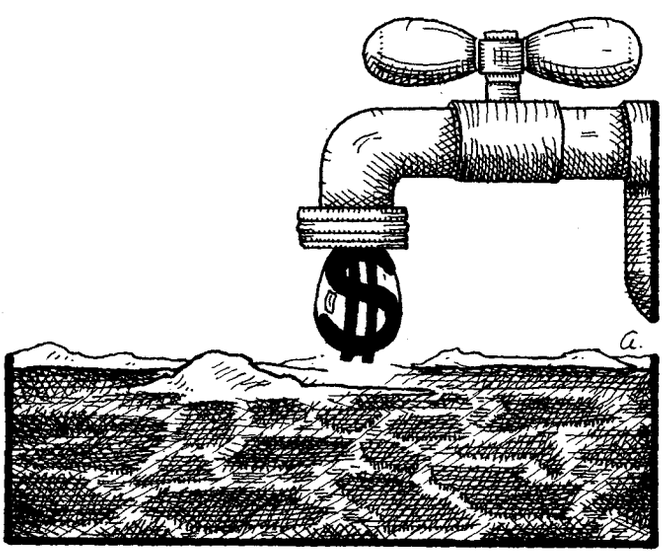
The supply-side approach has been made to sound sectarian—"ideological"—but it was conceived as a pragmatic deal from the conservative side. It told liberals there was a community of interest in cutting taxes, and at the same time tacitly offered to pass up an overt fight over the principle of redistribution. All the liberals had to do was face—as many of them seemed ready to do—the natural limits of the welfare state. We would have lower tax rates, *and* more monies for existing programs; but, of course, no new programs.

That was all, but that was plenty. The Party of Compassion knew this meant, essentially, surrender. "Compassion," after all, is a euphemism for a statist economy. By remote implication, our concern for our fellow citizens, even those totally unknown to us, should be limitless; and what is just as important, we should have faith that this concern can be mediated by a central government, through taxation and redistribution. (Wanting to hold on to your own earnings is, accordingly, "greed.") The state, in sum, is the locus of human community, and its policies should be framed on the assumption that we are all doggedly communitarian rather than, say, "selfish."

So, from the liberal standpoint, the supply-side deal was nothing less than a trap: it subverted the great principle that the state's share of our income should increase, ratchet-like, indefinitely, approaching progressively what Arthur Okun used to call, with more candor than is common in those quarters, "equality in the distribution of incomes." Supply-side was a slippery slope to the jungle of laissez-faire. Nothing doing.

Liberalism, like politicized compassion, is an American variant of generically socialist positions. In Europe, men like McGovern, Edward Kennedy, Bill Moyers, Anthony Lewis, I. F. Stone, and so on would be frankly socialists or even Communists. Here they choose other designations, often saying they "reject labels" altogether. A wise ploy, though it really means they want to *control* the labels. They don't mind labeling their opponents: the liberals of yesteryear who haven't moved leftward have been re-labeled "neoconservatives" and accused of "moving to the right." The Party of Compassion never owns up to having moved leftward.

Because of his nice-guy approach, Reagan posed a real challenge. Some of his liberal critics during the campaign, led by Jimmy Carter, attacked him as a divisive force who



On cue from Anthony Lewis of the* New York Times, *the liberals quit talking about compassion and niceness and began talking about 'greed.' The gloves came off

would pit class against class, race against race, etc. But it didn't take, and in fact it backfired against Carter. Reagan came into office on a wave of good feeling.

The predominantly liberal press gave him a honeymoon for the first few weeks, as required by law. Reagan's niceness was the theme. To be sure, a note of irony crept in, as when Mark Antony kept repeating what an honorable sort old Brutus was. Were his *policies* all that nice? And was it very sensitive of him to wear thousand-dollar cowboy boots?

The feline corps, the blonde network White House correspondents, went to work on Nancy Reagan's wardrobe of expensive designer dresses. Was she really, wondered Anne Taylor Fleming of CBS Radio's *Spectrum*, "a caring and compassionate person"? Especially with unemployment being so high and all. Then there was David Stockman, who was anything but nice. Lean and mean, he was ready for a fight to the death over "entitlements." Roger Wilkins, Mrs. Fleming's colleague on *Spectrum*, spoke for many when he called Stockman "a heartless young careerist."

But the compassion theme wasn't selling. During the budget battles of 1981, the networks hauled every available welfare mama, cancer victim, and eczema sufferer before the cameras to dramatize the results of Reagan's budget cuts. It was a bathetic ploy, and pretty soon "the party of compassion" got to be a joke even in *The New Republic*. The seismographic Paul Harvey spoke for millions, probably, when he told the networks to knock it off.

If compassion was out, the liberals still had a few cards left. A principal theme was that Reagan, however nice, had this "ideology" (conservatism), and this "untested theory" of supply-side economics, both of which would surely have to adapt to "reality" (the world as perceived by liberalism). The implication of all this bland cliché, the staple of the Sevareid set, was that Reagan and a few rootin'-tootin' New Rightists were the only ideologues in town. Reagan's critics, on the whole, were presumably pragmatists, moderates, realists. Nary an ideologue among 'em. (Nobody ever had to define

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the term *ideology*. Its function as a code-word was sufficient.)

Abruptly, in October, the Party got the break it needed—an almost incredible blunder by the young genius Stockman. He had been giving interviews—long, private ones—to William Greider of the *Post*, a master of sneer tactics. Stockman seemed to have conceded that supply-side economics was nothing more than a new guise for the "trickle-down theory" that if you feed the rich fat, the poor will get better leftovers.

When the interview, nicely twisted by Greider, appeared in *The Atlantic*, the liberals made a terrific uproar about it. To make things worse, or from the liberal point of view better, the fall economic indices showed that the nation had entered a recession. The economic mess that had greeted Reagan—double-digit inflation, high unemployment, higher interest rates—could now be laid entirely at Reagan's feet, just as the Democrats had learned to insinuate, at a similar phase of the Nixon Administration, that Nixon had started the Vietnam War. It was as if Reagan had caused every evil he had not yet cured.

On cue from Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*, the Party quit talking about compassion and niceness and started talking about "greed." The gloves came off. The old leftist economist Robert Lekachman—who labels himself a "libertarian socialist"—produced the timely tract *Greed Is Not Enough: Reaganomics*. Wherein he charged (and charged, and charged) that Reaganomics "enriches the already obscenely rich." This didn't exactly jibe with the Party's alternative theme that Wall Street had no confidence in Reaganomics; but it was in the general spirit of the campaign, so it was okay. Bill Moyers, Dan Rather's chaplain, intoned that Reagan's policies threatened to ignite a new class war. (Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward chimed in with a book titled *The New Class War*.) Morton Kondracke, in the *Wall Street Journal*, spoke of Reagan's "war on the poor." *Newsweek*, after a year of restraint, could bear it no longer, and ran a cover story titled "Reagan's America: And the Poor Get Poorer," with a piteous waif, her face smudged, staring dolefully at you. *The New Republic* howled of "huge transfers of wealth from the poor to the rich."

Again the implication of such talk passed unnoticed: all of it implied a zero-sum view of the economy, in which either the rich or the poor might do better, but not both. Reagan's view was precisely that *everyone* would do better if production were encouraged, and "rich" and "poor" would be comparative terms, not names of factions in a class war. The rhetoric of his critics, meanwhile, came straight from their own unacknowledged ideology, which was socialist.

For a man who is so often accused of making war on the poor, not to mention acting "bellicose" toward socialist countries, Reagan has been strangely subdued throughout. If he is going to make war, he might at least shoot back at his attackers once in a while. Or were they, when purring over his niceness, actually gloating over what they perceived as his weakness?

Maybe so. Though a brilliant politician, Reagan doesn't like to fight. He has been making conciliatory, not to say appeasing gestures toward the Party of Compassion from the start. Supply-side economics was foxy, but not, as Machiavelli would agree, leonine. Reagan was reluctant to force the real issue—socialism or capitalism—into the open.

He was eager to pacify the Party by appointing a woman to the Supreme Court. (Whether she has turned out as badly as the Right feared is, of course, another question.) Nancy Reagan was dispatched to strike warm, caring poses with schoolchildren. The President made a disarmament proposal in response to the nuclear-freeze movement, and leaped to prove he wasn't "racist" when he favored tax-exempt status for all private schools, yea, even all-white schools. ("Tax-exempt hate," snarled the *New York Times*, over and over again.)

The New Right particularly has worried from the start that Reagan would succumb to the softening-up process of liberal Washington's hermetic social and ideological pressures: the steamy vault that turns Republican crustaceans like Gerald Ford, John Anderson, and Bob Dole into soft-shelled crabs. Reagan, his private pollsters, and his advisors have all confirmed this apprehension with their own worries about the "sensitivity issue," which means simply that Reagan has assumed the burden of refuting his accusers. He has given his enemies full credit for good will: an ingenuous error, the error of a truly nice guy, but a disastrous error anyway.

Remarkable, this, because he came to Washington with a winning position—a position he had patiently forged. He had no real need to propitiate those who claim to speak for peace, equality, and baby seals even as they bare their teeth in sheer envy. Reagan also probably enjoys an enormous fund of latent sympathy among ordinary Americans who are sick of standing as defendants before their government, defendants, moreover, bearing the burden of proving that they are *not* racist, sexist, greedy, and lacking in compassion for snail darters. They know intuitively that in a free society the burden of proof should be on the accuser; which is to say, on the Left, whose position toward Middle America is hostile, censorious, and altogether accusatory.

It is depressing that Reagan and Dole, like so many 'moderates,' are angrier at the Right than at the liberals who have flummoxed them into their present mess

Reagan should have rejected the charges outright and raised the issue of principle. The real debate *is* over principles, not motives, though liberals prefer to steer it in the other direction. The real question was never whether Reaganomics would simply "work." As Irving Kristol pointed out early in the game, the liberals were afraid not that it would fail, but that it would triumph.

It is baffling that Reagan has left the initiative to his enemies as he has. It is equally baffling that he chooses as advisors such veteran losers as Baker, the sort of old Republican whose weary conventional wisdom was refuted by Reagan's brilliant primary victories in 1980. When Baker says he is simply adjusting Reagan's views to "realities," he implies that he sees Reagan's views as somehow at odds with reality. And Reagan takes his advice! Really, it is as if Louis Armstrong hired a

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music teacher to help him blend into Lawrence Welk's orchestra. He was playing just fine by himself. One can only speculate that Reagan has lost confidence in his own greatest gift: his magnificent instinctive empathy with ordinary Americans.

If the game is going to be motive-hunting, the motive of the Left is now in full view: envy. *The New Republic*, in its rather tactless triumph over Dole and Reagan, forgot to mention the poor. Instead it jeered on and on about "the rich people's tax bonanza of 1981," "corporate lobbyists," "rich individuals," and "fat cats."

The real objection to supply-side economics is that it doesn't punish the rich. The liberal/socialist ideology holds that to hurt the rich is to help the poor—the class-war theory, you might say. Any reduction of tax rates is said to "favor the rich," so long as taxpayers with higher incomes get more money back, total, than those who earn less. This can only mean that the Left will exact, as the price of any tax cut, a sharp steepening of the graduated tax rate schedule.

But the Republicans' motives need some inspection too, and not the kind they have so far received. Dole justifies his tax bill in terms of "fairness," a concession to the Left. He speaks of it as a tax "reform." And when told that lobbyists opposing his bill were wearing Guccis, he quipped, "They'll be barefoot in the morning." No wonder Dole is a liberal hero—a "moderate," as he is now called. (A moderate being a Republican who resigns himself to the advance of socialism.) But why this sudden strain of anti-Guccism?

In his magisterial study *Envy: A Theory of Social Behavior*, Helmut Schoeck notes that in an age of mass politics, the fear of arousing envy can be as powerful a motive as envy itself. Liberal rhetoric about the rich has evidently gotten to both Dole and Reagan. There is something especially craven, though, about Dole's manner of joining forces with those he is appeasing, and snapping with assumed courage at the easiest targets in sight.

At first the Dole bill looked like a cinch. With Republicans capitulating to the cries that the deficit was getting out of hand, Democrats figured they could sit back and let their enemies self-immolate.

But of course the projections for the deficits ahead—and the $99.6 billion to be raised by Dole's bill—assumed precisely what supply-side economics denies, viz., that raising tax rates will not harm production, and that cutting those rates would lower revenues. This is the whole point at issue. For Reagan to accept the new tax increase as a device for closing the deficit is to confess that he doesn't believe in Reaganomics.

This was simply too much for many House Republicans. Led by Jack Kemp, 61 of them have written Reagan informing him that the new tax increase is "impossible to support." "Quietly, without debate," the letter reads, "the Republican Party is in danger of making a U-turn back to its familiar role of tax collector for Democratic spending programs." The Republicans also felt the Democrats had reneged on their half of the 1983 budget deal by refusing to make serious spending cuts.

So now the fight is on: the fight to save Reaganomics from Ronald Reagan. He is furious at the maverick Republicans, who have shown unexpected power. But Kemp reportedly

told him in blunt terms that he knows of no economic principle that mandates, or even advises, raising taxes during a recession. The key, as Kemp is stressing, is capital formation. And Kemp argues that the Dole increase (the *Washington Post* now denies that what it once called "the greatest tax increase in peacetime history" even *is* an increase) would effectively wipe away whatever is left of the original Kemp-Roth tax-cutting program.

Kemp and Reagan are both on the line, but it is Kemp who has the strength of a powerful idea—an idea, moreover, bearing Reagan's own endorsement. The Dole bill may yet pass—but only if Reagan, Dole, and the Democrats form a squirmy partnership, and are willing to take the heat of the continuing supply-side critique in the event that the tax increase deepens the recession. That will certainly give Reagan's advisors plenty of "realities" to improvise among.

In choosing to fight on terms chosen by the enemy, the Reagan team has turned the future over to the Democrats in the short run, and probably to Kemp over the long term. However the Dole tax increase fares in this session of Congress, the supply-side critique is here to stay. It will not lose its force because it happens to be momentarily outnumbered and abandoned.

If Reagan is angry, Dole himself is already on the defensive. He has now taken space in the *Post* to deny that he is a liberal, and to argue, however implausibly, that his bill is "consistent with conservative philosophy and supply-side theory."

Whether or not this is true, the Kemp revolt has forced Dole to justify himself in supply-side terms. It is depressing that Reagan and Dole, like so many "moderates," are angrier at the Right than at the liberals who have flummoxed them into their present mess. And yet it is Kemp who has caught the falling standard, and who has now ensured that the tax bill will be judged, with political consequences, from a genuinely conservative perspective. Whatever happens to the bill, that in itself is a victory. And whatever happens to Ronald Reagan, Reaganomics is here to stay. □

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help !!!!

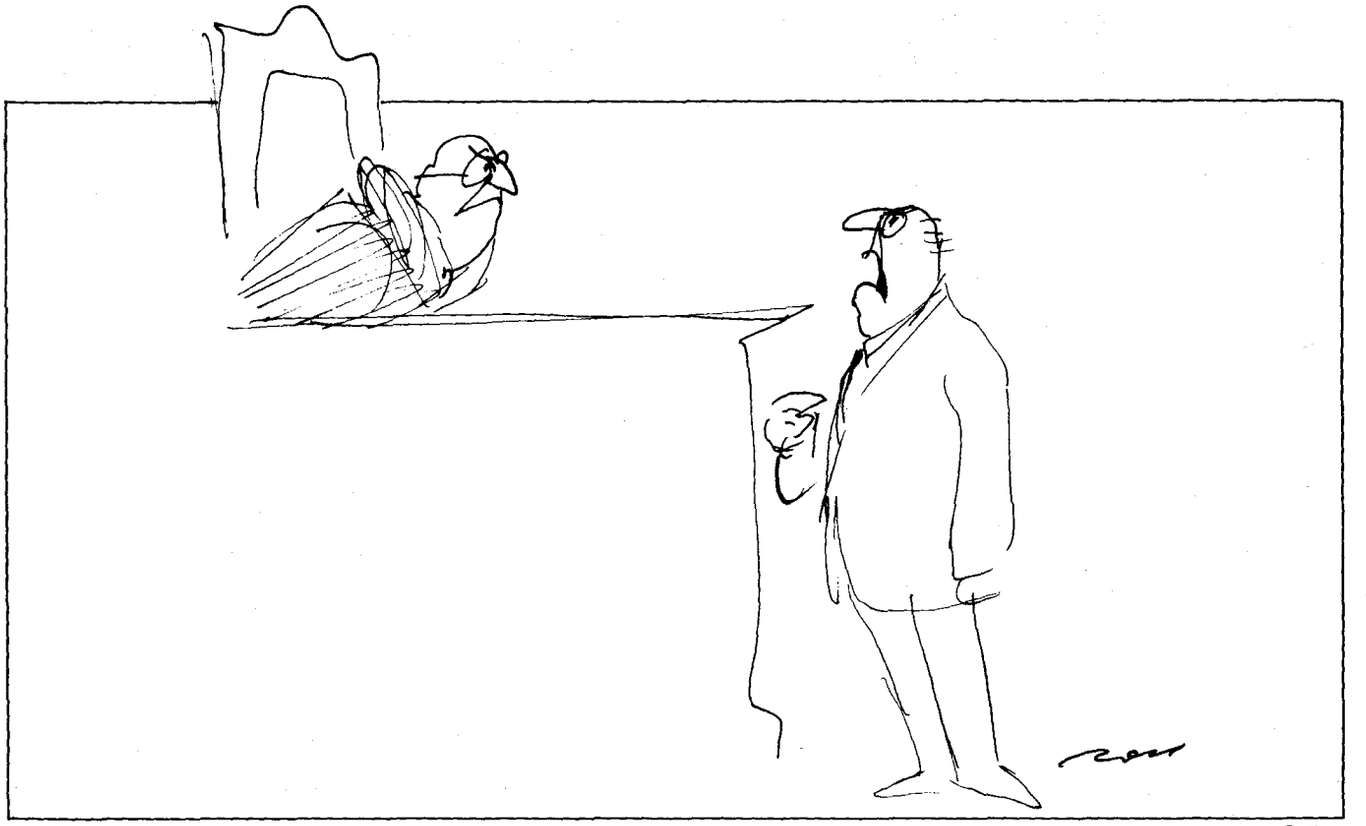
Ask Mr. Reagan

Why is George McGovern grinning?
  What makes Jimmy Carter smirk?
How come Tip O'Neill's accepting
  Dole's depressing handiwork?
Why are liberals in Congress
  Smiling like the feline which
Swallowed, whole, 13 canaries?
  What gave Jack Kemp such a twitch?

W. H. VON DREELE

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"I'm sure the autopsy should tell us more about your condition."



Ross Rothco

"I know you're the judge. I'm the taxpayer!"

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Leed

Rothco

"All opposed, signify by the usual sign."

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CONSERVATISM: A Succinct Description

RUSSELL KIRK

"WHAT IS CONSERVATISM?" Abraham Lincoln inquired rhetorically, as he campaigned for the Presidency of the United States. "Is it not adherence to the old and tried, against the new and untried?" By that test, the candidate told his audience, Abraham Lincoln was a conservative.

Other definitions have been offered. In Ambrose Bierce's *Devil's Dictionary* one encounters this: "Conservative, *n.* A statesman who is enamored of existing evils, as distinguished from the Liberal, who wishes to replace them with others."

As a coherent body of political thought, what we call conservatism is a modern development. It is approximately as old as the different body of opinions called liberalism, and several decades older than the ideologies called socialism, Communism, and anarchism.

True, one might trace a continuity of conservative political thought back into the seventeenth century (though it was not until the third decade of the nineteenth century that the word itself was incorporated into the English lexicon of political controversy). Lord Falkland, during the English Civil Wars, touched upon the essence of conservative convictions in declaring, "When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change." A rudimentary conservatism may be discerned in colonial America, too, assuming definite form just after the American Revolution in the most successful conservative device, the Constitution of the United States. For that matter, conservative impulses and interests have existed ever since a civil social order came into being. By analogy, it is possible to speak of Aristophanes as a conservative, or Plato, or Cicero.

But modern conservatism commences with the age of Edmund Burke—the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Modern use of the word "conservatism" implies those principles of social thought and action that are set against radical innovation after the pattern of the French Revolution. Edmund Burke opposed his "moral imagination" to what has been called the "idyllic imagination" of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. From that contest arose what Walter Bagehot called "the conservatism of reflection." Almost by definition, ever since Burke published his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, the principal conservatives in the Western world have been conscious or unconscious disciples of Burke.

Burke himself did not employ the word "conservative," speaking rather of "preservation"—as in his aphorism "Change is the means of our preservation," or his remark that the able statesman is one who combines with a disposition to preserve an ability to reform. During Burke's own lifetime there existed no sharp demarcation between the words "conservative" and "liberal."

As a term of politics, the word "conservative" arose in France during and just after the Napoleonic era. Philosophical statesmen as varied in opinion and faction as Guizot, Bonald, Maistre, Chateaubriand, and Tocqueville all were influenced by Burke's writings. Seeking for a word to describe a policy of moderation, intended to reconcile the best in the old order with the necessities of the nineteenth century, French political writers hit upon the concept of the *conservateur*, the guardian of the heritage of civilization and of the principles of justice.

From France, this concept passed into England. The editors of *The Quarterly Review*, in 1830, approved "conservative" over "Tory" to describe the British party of order. By the 1840s, the word "conservative" had attained popularity in the United States, being employed with approbation by John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, and Orestes Brownson.

Burke's political concepts spread rapidly across Europe, especially in the Germanys and the Austrian system. The European revolutionary movements of 1829-30 and of 1848 caused greater emphasis to be placed upon distinctions among conservatives, liberals, and radicals. Throughout Europe, conservatism came to mean hostility toward the principles of the French Revolution, with its violent leveling innovations; while liberalism increasingly signified sympathy with the revolutionary ideals of liberty, equality, fraternity, and material progress.

This essay is adapted from the Introduction to Mr. Kirk's latest book, The Portable Conservative Reader, *published by Viking Penguin.*

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Conservatives, especially in Britain, soon found themselves opposing another radicalism than that expressed in the theories of Rousseau: that is, the radical utilitarianism of Jeremy Bentham, called by John Stuart Mill "the great subversive." Thus the intellectual heirs of Burke, and the conservative interest generally, did battle on two fronts: against the successors of the Jacobins, with their "armed doctrine"; and against the economists of Manchester, with their reliance upon the nexus of cash payment.

Our first necessity here, then, is to endeavor to describe (rather than to define) the conservatives' understanding of society. In recent years the term "conservatism" often has been employed to mean "reactionary" or "obscurantist" or "old-fangled"; it has even been confounded with the economic dogmas of the Manchester School. What does the word really signify?

Strictly speaking, conservatism is not a political system, and certainly not an ideology. (In the phrase of H. Stuart Hughes, "Conservatism is the negation of ideology.") Instead, conservatism is a way of looking at the civil social order. Although certain general principles held by most conservatives may be described, there exists wide variety in application of these ideas from age to age and country to country. Thus conservative views and parties have existed under monarchical, aristocratic, despotic, and democratic regimes, and in a considerable range of economic systems. The conservatives of Peru, for instance, differ much from those of Australia; they may share a preference for the established order of society, these conservatives of the Spanish and the English heritages; yet the institutions and customs which these conservative factions respectively wish to preserve are by no means identical.

Unlike socialism, anarchism, and even liberalism, then, conservatism offers no universal pattern of politics for adoption everywhere. On the contrary, conservatives reason that social institutions always must differ considerably from nation to nation, since any land's politics must be the product of that country's dominant religion, ancient customs, and historical experience. For our present purpose, however, we may set down below several general principles upon which most eminent conservatives in some degree may be said to have agreed implicitly.

First, conservatives generally believe that there exists a transcendent moral order, to which we ought to try to conform the ways of society. A Divine tactic, however dimly descried, is at work in human society. Such convictions may take the form of belief in the "natural law" or may assume some other expression; but with few exceptions conservatives recognize the need for enduring moral authority. This conviction contrasts strongly with the liberals' utilitarian view of the state (most consistently expressed by Bentham's disciples), and with the radicals' detestation of theological postulates.

Second, conservatives uphold the principle of social continuity. They prefer the devil they know to the devil they don't know. Order and justice and freedom, they believe, are the artificial products of a long and painful social experience, the results of centuries of trial and reflection and sacrifice. Thus the body social is a kind of spiritual corporation, comparable to the church; it may even be called a community of souls. Human society is no machine, to be treated mechanically. The continuity, the lifeblood, of a society must not be interrupted in its flow. Burke's reminder of the social necessity for prudent change is in the minds of conservatives. But necessary change, they argue, ought to be gradual and discriminatory, never "unfixing old interests at once." Revolution slices through the arteries of a culture, a cure that kills.

Third, conservatives believe in what may be called the principle of prescription. "The wisdom of our ancestors" is one of the more important phrases in the writings of Burke; presumably Burke derived it from Richard Hooker. Conservatives sense that modern men and women are dwarfs on the shoulders of giants, able to see farther than their ancestors only because of the great stature of those who have preceded us in time. Therefore conservatives very frequently emphasize the importance of "prescription"—that is, of things established by immemorial usage, so "that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." There exist rights of which the chief sanction is their antiquity—including rights in property, often. Similarly, our morals are prescriptive in great part. Conservatives argue that we are unlikely, we moderns, to make any brave new discoveries in morals or politics or taste. It is perilous to weigh every passing issue on the basis of private judgment and private rationality. "The individual is foolish, but the species is wise," Burke declared. In politics we do well to abide by precedent and precept and even prejudice, for "the great mysterious incorporation of the human race" has acquired habits, customs, and conventions of remote origin which are woven into the fabric of our social being; the innovator, in Santayana's phrase, never knows how near to the taproot of the tree he is hacking.

The only true forms of equality are equality in the Last Judgment and equality before a court of law; all other attempts at leveling lead, at best, to social stagnation

Fourth, conservatives are guided by their principle of prudence. Burke agrees with Plato that in the statesman, prudence is chief among virtues. Any public measure ought to be judged by its probable long-run consequences, not merely by temporary advantage or popularity. Liberals and radicals, the conservative holds, are imprudent: for they dash at their objectives without giving much heed to the risk of new abuses worse than the evils they hope to sweep away. Human society being complex, remedies cannot be simple if they are to be effective. The conservative, being mindful of this, declares that he will act only after sufficient reflection, having weighed the consequences. Sudden and slashing reforms are perilous as sudden and slashing surgery. The march of Providence is slow; it is the devil who always hurries.

Fifth, conservatives pay attention to the principle of variety. They feel affection for the proliferating intricacy of long-established social institutions and modes of life, as distinguished from the narrowing uniformity and deadening egalitarianism of radical systems. For the preservation of a healthy diversity

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in any civilization, there must survive orders and classes, differences in material condition, and many sorts of inequality. The only true forms of equality are equality in the Last Judgment and equality before a just court of law; all other attempts at leveling lead, at best, to social stagnation. Society longs for honest and able leadership; and if natural and institutional differences among people are destroyed, presently some tyrant or host of squalid oligarchs will create new forms of inequality. Similarly, conservatives uphold the institution of private property as productive of human variety: without private property, liberty is reduced and culture is impoverished.

Transcending the differences of culture and history and race and national frontiers, something that we may call the conservative impulse or yearning does exist among all peoples

Sixth, conservatives are chastened by their principle of imperfectibility. Human nature suffers irremediably from certain faults, the conservatives know. Man being imperfect, no perfect social order ever can be created. Because of human restlessness, mankind would grow rebellious under any utopian domination, and would break out once more in violent discontent—or else expire of boredom. To aim for utopia is to end in disaster, the conservative says: we are not made for perfect things. All that we reasonably can expect is a tolerably ordered, just, and free society, in which some evils, maladjustments, and suffering continue to lurk. By proper attention to prudent reform, we may preserve and improve this tolerable order. But if the old institutional and moral safeguards of a nation are forgotten, then the anarchic impulses in man break loose: "the ceremony of innocence is drowned."

To have set down some principal convictions of conservative thinkers, in the fashion above, may be misleading: for conservative thought is not a body of immutable secular dogmas. Edmund Burke turned to first principles in politics only with reluctance, believing that "metaphysical" politicians let loose dreadful mischief by attempting to govern nations according to abstract notions. Conservatives have believed, following Burke, that general principles always must be tempered, in any particular circumstances, by what Burke called expedience, or prudence; for particular circumstances vary infinitely, and every nation must observe its own traditions and historical experience—which should take precedence over universal notions drawn up in some quiet study. Yet Burke did not abjure general ideas; he distinguished between "abstraction" (or *a priori* notions divorced from a nation's history and necessities) and "principle" (or sound general ideas derived from a knowledge of human nature and of the past). Principles are necessary to a statesman, but they must be applied discreetly and with infinite caution to the workaday world. The preceding six conservative principles, therefore, are to be taken as a rough catalogue of the general assumptions of conservatives, and not as a tidy system of doctrines for governing a state.

So much, just now, for our attempt at honest description of the character of conservative writing. Let us turn for a moment to some account of what this conservatism is *not*.

A failure to grasp Burke's distinction between abstraction and principle has led to considerable error as to the theoretical basis of conservatism, from the day of rationalistic historians such as Henry Buckle down to the present day. This controversy comprises four principle opinions, all at loggerheads with one another. They may be summarized thus: 1) conservatism is metaphysically mystical; 2) conservatism has no philosophical foundation; 3) conservatism is empirical; 4) conservatism is pragmatic. These views require reasoned examination.

1) Conservatism by its nature is not "mystical," "abstract," or "doctrinaire." Burke and his school, as practical statesmen, did not think that political and metaphysical schemes should be created out of whole cloth. Rather than enveloping politics in mysterious theories of a General Will or of Thesis and Antithesis, Burke and his followers accepted as given the political institutions of their country and their age; as for moral postulates, they took those from the King James Version and the Book of Common Prayer. It is true that some Continental men of the Right, and some English scholars toward the end of the nineteenth century, came under the influence of Hegel's idealism. But (as Alexis de Tocqueville foresaw) Hegel's influence came to be far stronger upon socialist theorists than upon conservative writers and politicians.

2) Conservatism, despite Burke's contempt for desiccated rationality and abstract speculation, does not lack some theoretical basis. Burke proclaimed that he knew nothing more wicked than the heart of an abstract metaphysician —that is, of some coffeehouse philosopher who would presume to write a new constitution for the human race on the basis of arid intellectual abstractions. The intellectual foundation which Burke and his associates took for granted was what since has been called the Great Tradition—that is, the classical and Christian intellectual patrimony which then still formed the curriculum of schools. Burke referred to "the Schoolmen of the fourteenth century" and other Christian philosophers. In the view of the eighteenth century conservatives, a man is afflicted by *hubris*, overweening presumption, if he tries to cast aside the wisdom of his ancestors and to create out of his tiny private stock of reason some brand-new structure of metaphysical doctrines. Burke's metaphysics, in short, were the philosophical postulates of Richard Hooker, John Bramhall, and other English divines.

3) Conservatism is empirical only in the sense that conservatives respect the wisdom of the species and think that history, the recorded experience of mankind, should be constantly consulted by the statesman. Yet mere practical experience, "empiricism" in the sense of being guided simply by yesterday's pains or pleasures, is not enough for the conservative, who believes that we can apply our knowledge of the remote or the immediate past with prudence only if we are guided by some general principles, which have been laid down for us over the centuries by prophets and philosophers. Burke broke with Locke's empiricism.

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4) Conservatism is pragmatic only in the sense that it disavows utopian speculation and experiment, putting its faith instead in prudence and moderation. Modern pragmatism is intent upon experiment—that is, groping forward with scant respect for the past; conservatism, on the contrary, relies upon tradition as the bank and capital of the ages. Conservatives think that mere change may as easily be retrogression as progress, and that to tamper experimentally with great states and human nature, out of a vague faith in Progress and Process, is infinitely perilous.

It is not surprising that in some quarters (especially in America) there lingers the vague impression that the conservative is "some sort of radical"—a paradox no more startling than many other paradoxes of popular opinion. For decades popular journalists often have used the word "conservative" in a sense considerably different from the intellectual conservatism we have been describing. Among many people unfamiliar with the writings of Burke or of the Adamses there does flourish, after all, a set of opinions which Walter Bagehot once unflatteringly described as "the ignorant Democratic Conservatism of the masses." There endures also "shop-and-till conservatism," or mere attachment to one's little property, out of fear that radical political measures would injure or destroy the material interests of anyone possessing property. This "party of order," as it was called in France and elsewhere in Europe during the nineteenth century, is animated by fear, Bagehot wrote: "Dread that their shop, their house, their life—not so much their physical life as their whole mode and sources of existence—will be destroyed and cast away." Just so; precisely that has happened in half the world since Bagehot wrote those lines; so that the high-spirited conservatism of Burke has been reinforced by the shop-and-till victims of twentieth century ideological fanaticism.

So it is that some conservatives are learned, and some ignorant; some rich, and some poor. It is not easy to show a close correspondence between political conservatism and personal prosperity. In several general elections, the Conservative Party in Britain has won the votes of millions of trade-union members; while in the United States hard-pressed small farmers are a bulwark of the conservative interest on many issues, and so, increasingly, is a large proportion of the blue-collar vote.

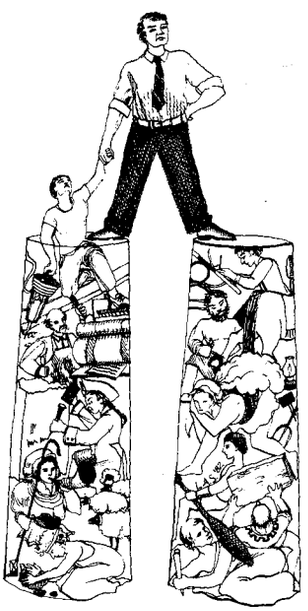
Between religious convictions and conservative political views, there is a nearer alliance, despite the radicalism of many modern clergy (very like the English clergy of Burke's day). Because ideology is by essence anti-religious, Christians tend to be attracted to ideology's negation, conservatism.

Of course, conservatism has its vice, and that vice is selfishness. Self-centered conservatives mutter, with Fafnir, "Let me rest: I lie in possession." Radicalism, too, has its vice, and that vice is envy. Such radicals growl, as in *Dr. Faustus*, "Why shouldst thou sit, and I stand?" (As for the liberals, nowadays they seem in the sere and yellow leaf, so that it would be cruel to tax them with vices.) Most conservatives hold by their particular social convictions because of early prejudices and experiences; their minds are not susceptible to temperate argument, nor can they express with much lucidity the postulates from which they draw their professed opinions. That, however, is true of the majority of political partisans of whatever persuasion; indeed, probably it is less true of conservatives than of their adversaries, conservatism being no ideology—and therefore not so overwhelmed by the passions of political religion.

Despite the persistence, or perhaps recrudescence, of the conservative impulse in America and Britain, can conservative views and interests long endure in an age of ideology, when two of the three great powers in the world are ruled by Marxist doctrinaires, and while technological and economic and cultural change continues to tear apart the cake of custom everywhere? The English-speaking peoples aside, in what it has become fashionable to call "the Post-Modern Age" or "the Post-Christian Era" indeed it seems as if (fulfilling Burke's vaticinations) "generation will not link with generation, and men will be as the flies of a summer." Brooks Adams wrote that "With conservative populations, slaughter is nature's remedy." The conservative populations of Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos have been butchered very recently. Will people after people be devoted to the Savage God of ideology?

Consider the European continent. After suffering suppression under the dictatorial regimes of the 1930s and during the Second World War, European conservative groups began to regain vigor about 1946. Soviet power had extirpated effectual conservatism in Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and lesser states; but to the chagrin of the Communists, and indeed of the socialist parties of Western Europe, conservative parties—or, more commonly, Christian Democratic parties in which various conservative and liberal elements were leagued—won national elections in several countries; elsewhere, except under Marxist governments, they exercised a moderating influence.

Yet this revived conservatism was shorn of many of its old associations and had come to terms, in most countries, with old-fashioned economic liberalism. Paradoxically, the conservatives' partial success was brought about by the menace of Marxism: after the failure of the Nazi and Fascist regimes, and the ineffectuality of postwar "democratic" socialism, many Europeans turned once more to quasi-conservative policies as the only alternatives to a totalist order. "Conservative" governments in France, Germany, Italy, Austria, and some other European states in recent years may be conservative in the broader and comparative sense of the term, but they differ markedly from the conservative parties and their views before 1914. It may be argued that in truth these recent "conservative" governments have been sub-



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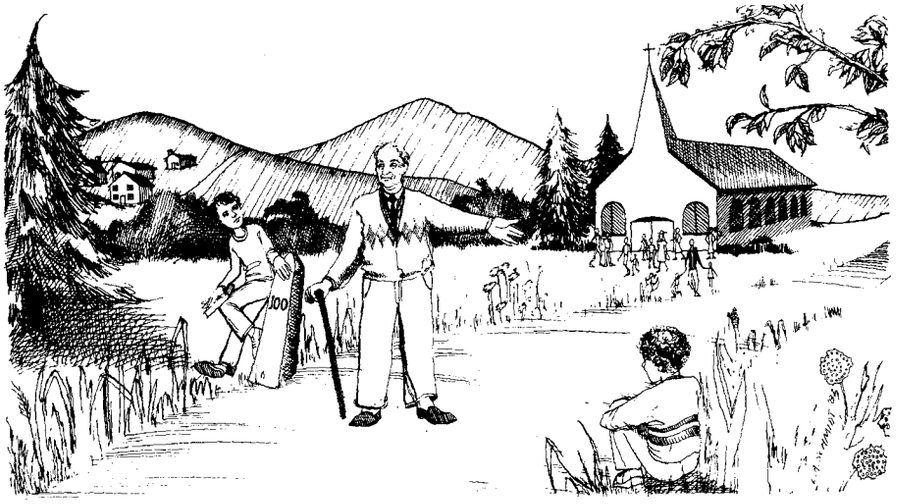
stantially liberal governments in the nineteenth century sense, with some mixture of conservative elements and conservative rhetoric. How long such regimes might stand, were they shorn of American protection, nobody knows.

Turn to Latin America. Ever since their wars of independence, the Latin American states have striven to establish stable political orders. They have not succeeded. Their formal constitutions, usually imitating European or North American models, rarely have reflected the real social circumstances of their peoples; and so have not exerted a conservative influence like that of the Constitution of the United States. Except for relatively long periods in the history of Chile and Colombia, and shorter periods in the history of Venezuela, Argentina, Costa Rica, and El Salvador, dictatorship or oligarchy ordinarily has triumphed over the representative institutions that characterize Anglo-American and most European states. Social and racial conflicts have swept away many of the bulwarks of conservatism. Struggles with the Catholic Church in several countries have weakened the religious foundations of the conservative interest. The triumph of a Marxist regime in Cuba illustrated the feebleness of conservative elements in much of Latin America. Joseph Conrad's novel *Nostromo* remains as accurate a picture of Latin American social instability as it was at the time of its publication in 1904. One cannot look to Latin America for signs of conservative imagination and hope.

In Asia, Western ideology and Western technology, both blending with a new ferocious nationalism in some countries, have so thoroughly broken up the old order of things that it scarcely is possible to speak of conservative politics anywhere except in Japan and some of the Muslim states. Japanese conservatism, now recovering from the injuries inflicted by war and military occupation, is an interesting development, arising out of old Japanese concepts of piety, duty, and honor. This subtle conservatism gradually may reassert itself: as Lafcadio Hearn wrote, Japan wears successively, and perhaps sincerely, a series of Western masks; but these are discarded in turn, for beneath the masks the old Japanese character lives. The present mask of Western materialism and technocracy will not endure forever; but it does not follow that it must be succeeded by the mask of proletarian dictatorship.

In India, Western socialist and liberal ideas are dominant, though yielding perhaps to Marxist influences. Western conservatism on the English pattern, never deep-rooted in India, has become negligible. A powerfully conservative body of Hindu culture does provide some check upon Western ideology. A somewhat similar struggle between Western progressivism and conservative Muslim tradition continues in Pakistan, Indonesia, and elsewhere.

In short, it is not to be expected that there can be brought to pass any concert of conservative political regimes, throughout the world, with the intention of withstanding Marxist ideology. Conservatism on the American or the British model would be an impossible exotic in central Africa or in other regions where nothing comparable to the British or the American historical experience ever has occurred. As Daniel Boorstin puts it, "The American Constitution is not for export." If sovereign states cooperate to resist Soviet imperialism, that will be on the ground of the national interest of each state, not because of a general political consensus. Conservatism not being an ideology with pretensions to universality and infallibility, there can be no *Capitalist Manifesto* to set against the *Communist Manifesto*. For that matter, not many conservatives would be happy to enlist under the banner of one abstraction, Capitalism, against another abstraction, Communism—or to die, absurdly, for "a higher standard of living."



And yet, transcending the differences of culture and history and race and national frontiers, something that we may call the conservative impulse or the conservative yearning does exist among all peoples. Without this instinct, any society would fall to pieces. Coleridge wrote that in any state there must be its Permanence, or elements of stability and continuity; and its Progression, or elements of growth and experiment. If the restraining conservative influence were destroyed, any society would fly apart from the vertiginous speed of change.

In that sense, a kind of universal conservatism may be glimpsed. It has not been stamped out even in the Soviet Union. Under tribulation, it is nurtured by an instinct for veneration almost inextinguishable in some people; by an insight best expressed by Richard Hooker: "The reason first why we do admire those things which are greatest, and second those things which are ancientest, is because the one are the least distant from the infinite substance, the other from the infinite continuance, of God."

At bottom, then, conservatism is not a matter of economic interests and economic theories; not a matter of political advantages and political systems; not a matter of power or preferment. If we penetrate to the root, we discover that "conservatism" is a way of looking at the human condition. As a conservative Polish proverb puts it, "Old truths, old laws, old boots, old books, and old friends are the best." The conservative impulse is a man's desire to walk in the paths that his father followed; it is a woman's desire for the sureties of hearth and home.

In every culture, what does the imaginative conservative aspire to conserve?

(Continues on page 1104)

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Abroad

Seoul *Diplomatic Danger*

Will France be the first major Western power to extend diplomatic recognition to North Korea? That is a rumor circulating persistently here, and the stakes are high for all concerned. The rumor evokes some credence—President François Mitterrand visited the North Korean capital of Pyongyang shortly before his election last year, and the North Koreans have recently established a trade mission in Paris. But the gesture, whatever value it might have for a Socialist government in the West, carries a threat of serious reaction, especially in the commercial sphere. South Korea does big business with the French, to the amount of half a billion dollars a year, and has been lately dickering for the construction of two French nuclear reactors. In addition, the French are interested in contracts for subways in Seoul and Pusan, for a steel mill, a gas liquefication plant, satellites for transmitting the 1988 Olympic Games, and so forth. Such enterprises and projects, South Korean government sources say, would be gravely jeopardized if Paris recognized Pyongyang. Such recognition might, however, gain some tolerance from South Korea if there are sufficient counterweights, for instance, the wholesale recognition of South Korea by the Eastern bloc countries, and the admission of South Korea into the United Nations as a separate state—something that North Korea, China, and the Soviet Union, insistent on following the united-Vietnam model, strongly oppose. Since these things are hardly within the reach of a French government, the point is moot. Nor did the recent visit here of French Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson do anything to clarify it. Meanwhile, French business interests here in the South Korean capital are worried that the Mitterrand government would be trading the present profitable commercial reality for the shadow of political prestige, if that is what the recognition of North Korea could be said to entail.

Peking *Chinese Lamps*

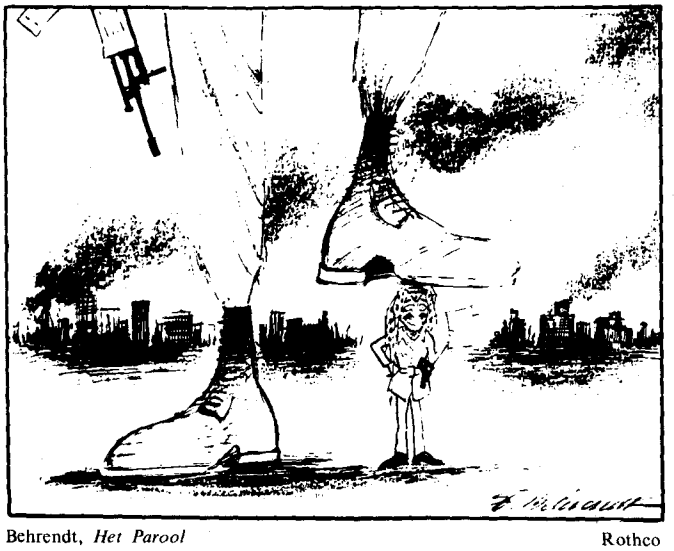
Red China has started to ship crude oil to the United States. If it is found acceptable by American refinery standards, it may become an important element in the United States' energy consumption, but there is as yet no way of knowing how important. The oil was reported sold at prices competitive with oil produced by the Middle Eastern OPEC countries. There is still no hard estimate of the potential of Chinese wells, but oil sources say the amount available for export could increase considerably. The Chinese oil is described as heavy sweet crude, something like the oil produced by Indonesia.

Tripoli *Collapse*

The collapse of the summit meeting of the Organization of African Unity that was scheduled to take place here at the beginning of August is having repercussions throughout the continent. It is especially being viewed as a powerful rebuke to the Organization's current president, Libyan dictator Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi. For the first time in its history, the OAU failed to assemble a quorum for such a meeting, with 19 chiefs of state or government boycotting the session. Only 17 heads of OAU countries showed up in the Libyan capital. They did attempt to carry on in a rump session, but the façade of the OAU has been badly cracked. The trouble began last year when the "progressive" members voted to admit the Sahrawi Arab Democratic Republic, a grouping which under the better-known name of Polisario is fighting a guerrilla war with Morocco for control of the western Sahara. Some of the moderate African states, in sympathy with Morocco, resented this move, and they were joined by other governments hostile to Qaddafi himself and his attempts to subvert established authority in neighboring states. Still others saw the mission of the OAU as the independence of Namibia and did not want the summit meeting to be preoccupied with the Sahara question. Qaddafi tried vainly to prevent the summit's demise by such moves as the ostentatious removal of Libyan troops from the civil war in Chad. But his failure to convince a majority of African rulers of his intentions tells its own story. His expenditure of the relatively enormous sum of $200 million on the installation of the conference itself appears to have been largely wasted.

London *Falklands Future*

A British airline, British Atlantic Airways, is planning a package tour to the Falkland Islands, and although there are certain obstacles—for example, the landing strip at Port Stanley is short for passenger jets—there is plenty of enthusiasm. The idea of tourists' going to the Falklands existed before the recent war for their possession between Britain and Argentina. Now there are believed to be many military amateurs in Britain who would like to see the scenes of British victories, have a look for example at Goose Green and follow the path of the Second Parachute Regiment. The Falkland environment would also provide a considerable draw. "We want to attract people with rucksacks," an airline spokesman said. "Nature is big out there, penguins, birds, seals." The one-way fare to the Falklands from London has been tentatively set at £650 ($1,105), but a special tourist-class roundtrip may soon be offered at £800 ($1,360) for an excursion of between 14 and 28 days.



Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

"Maybe we'll recognize the existence of Israel . . ."

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Arms and the Poor

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

RELIGIOUS LEADERS are fond of saying that spending on arms takes money from the poor. Thus Roman Catholic Bishop Thomas Gumbleton of Detroit told an audience in Los Angeles: "The arms race is to be condemned unreservedly because it is an injustice, even if those arms are never used. The arms race itself is an act of aggression against the poor."

The *Tidings* further reports: "The bishop said that $500 billion a year are diverted to the production of armaments rather than being invested in resources at the service of life. 'It is a sin that is happening now, an act of aggression against the poor.' "

These are harsh, strident words. Are they true?

Bishop Gumbleton's accusation seems to assume that poverty results from modern arms. Yet in the year 1800, when Christian Europe had been nearly 12 centuries under the care of bishops, the predecessors of Bishop Gumbleton, there were only 800 million persons eking out subsistence on this planet. Victor Hugo described the citizens of one of the wealthier nations, France, as "*les misérables*." Thomas Hobbes described the life of those in the more developed nations as "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." European travelers found conditions on other continents even more unspeakable. The average length of life in France was then about 27 years, lower elsewhere.

Do Bishops Cause Poverty?

Is poverty caused by the nuclear-arms race? If so, the purported consequence is many centuries older than the purported cause. Cynics might even observe that Roman Catholic economic thought before 1800 (and since) played its own role in perpetuating misery.

The primary purpose of government —any government—has classically been held to be self-defense. What proportion of Gross National Product ought, morally, to be used for such a purpose? (It would be interesting to know the proportion expended for the defense of the Papal States during four centuries.) Obviously, circumstances require variations in the answer. Still, would 10 per cent be reasonable?

In 1960, as General Eisenhower's Presidency was drawing to a close, the U.S. was spending 9 per cent of GNP on defense. In 1981, when Jimmy Carter left office, the proportion was 5.3 per cent. As a proportion of the Federal Government's budget, defense spending in 1960 was 49 per cent; in 1980, 23 per cent. Which percentage would Bishop Gumbleton declare to be immoral, Eisenhower's or Carter's? (It may be, of course, that he holds a new theory; *viz.*, that governments should spend *nothing* on self-defense.)

It is President Reagan's aim to lift the United States' spending on defense to 6.7 per cent of GNP, while keeping it at 32.4 per cent of the federal budget (projected) for 1984.

As for the world at large, what percentage, ideally, would Bishop Gumbleton in his chapel and his study believe to be moral for mankind to spend on self-defense? Possibly he imagines that no people, no nation, has enemies. But if he does allow for conscientious objection to his own pacifism, what proportion would he allow?

In 1978, the "GNP" of the world was $8.2 trillion. According to the *Statistical Abstract of the United States* (1981, p. 359), world spending on arms represents about 5.4 per cent thereof. This may be a lower percentage than at any time in human history. It is certainly lower than in 1969, when it was 6.7 per cent.

Wars we have always had with us, and standing armies, too. These may now take a lower percentage of global resources than ever before—which is one reason why world population has shot up from 800 million in 1800 to 4.4 billion today. No doubt, the world can do better. Yet it has made this great leap forward since 1800, not by listening to absolutist bishops, but by trying out new ideas of political economy, ideas which still elude Bishop Gumbleton.

For there is substantial evidence that nothing so blocks economic progress for the poor, including the elimination of hunger, as the teachings of the various religions in the poorest sections of the world.

"The first thing that is necessary," Bishop Gumbleton told five hundred persons in Los Angeles, "is that each of us must enter into a profound kind of conversion process to achieve a new reading of the word of God, a new relationship to Jesus." This necessity may or may not impress Moslems, Buddhists, Animists, atheists, and others in this world.

Bishops' Regress

Meanwhile, human beings are fallen creatures, riven with sin. Should entire peoples adopt a view of the world proper to a world of Christian saints? Should political economies be based upon "a new relationship to Jesus" not yet achieved even among Christians? Perhaps Bishop Gumbleton will test this regimen in Northern Ireland, where all concerned are Christians, before recommending it for the entire pluralistic world.

The carelessness of some of our bishops about questions of political economy is fateful. They are playing with the destiny of the human race.

They are not alone in desiring peace. They are not alone in racking their minds to think how nuclear warfare might be prevented. They are not alone in wishing to see all the poor of the world fed, clothed, housed, and liberated from the slavery of mere subsistence, to that leisure which is the basis of culture.

Their fault is that they too little reflect on the secrets of political economy which allow such historically unique achievements to be attained. Some have too little respect for the political economy of the nation of which they are a part—show too little penetration into its historical uniqueness and its contributions to the spiritual advancement of Catholic (and also other) people.

Some mimic the partisan Left at its worst. □

Mr. Novak's latest book, The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism, *was reviewed in* NR*'s July 23 issue.*

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THE NEXT GENERATION

Who Invented The 'Third World'?

MICHAEL A. SCULLY

PETER BAUER and Basil Yamey—professors of economics at the London School of Economics—pose an arresting question about the Third World in the summer issue of *The Public Interest*. "What is there in common between, say, Thailand and Mozambique, Nepal and Argentina, India and Chad, Tuvalu and Brazil, Mayotte and Nigeria?"

What they have in common is that they are all recipients of Western economic aid—government-to-government style. In fact, Bauer and Yamey argue that their status as aid recipients is actually the common tie that binds together the otherwise disparate nations of the Third World: "This has been so ever since practically all of Asia, Africa, and Latin America came to be lumped together in the late 1940s as the underdeveloped world, and thereafter known successively as the less-developed world, the nonaligned world, the developing world, the Third World, and now the South. These expressions never made any sense except in that they denoted a collectivity of aid recipients."

Thus they argue that the greatest effect of Western aid has been to encourage a collective posture of Third World hostility to the West—the better to encourage ever-larger chunks of aid. Even countries friendly or neutral toward the West tend to join in the more-aid chorus. New myths are spawned, such as the notion that the West (or North, in the new lingo) is a homogeneous economic unit, one happy family of similar or even identical interests. Add the mirror image of that—the myth that the Third World is also a unified economic interest—and you have the setting for the "North-South dialogue" now being buzzed about in diplomatic circles.

Unfortunately, such posturing cloaks the most important fact of all. Some—indeed, many—countries in the Third World are substantially improving their living standards. Bauer and Yamey cite as examples South Korea, Taiwan, Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, Jordan, Guatemala, Venezuela, Colombia, Brazil, Kenya, and the Ivory Coast. What's more, their success demonstrates that whatever benefits or difficulties derive from Western aid, our assistance is not the principal ingredient in an expanding economic loaf. The best way to predict whether a country's living standards will be improving is to look at what it's *doing* to encourage economic growth.

Michael Roemer, Executive Director of Harvard's Institute for International Development, helps us in that effort with his article on African economic development in the Spring issue of *Daedalus*, the Journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Consider Gross Domestic Product (GDP) per capita. Of African countries south of the Sahara (excluding South Africa, a special case), Nigeria, the Ivory Coast, and Kenya have had the highest average annual growth rates in GDP per capita —7.5 per cent, 6.7 per cent, and 6.5 per cent respectively for the twenty years from 1960 to 1979. These countries happen also to have steered furthest from the path of government domination of the economy. The commonplace African perception of government as laying-hen of economic improvement squashed sub-Saharan Africa as a whole into a GDP per capita growth rate of 2.9 per cent during the same period.

Roemer explains that "In the early 1960s, Western economists generally believed African markets were poorly developed, that traditional farmers produced mostly for subsistence, that markets were isolated regionally, and that non-Africans dominated the cash economy. This view reinforced a prevailing belief among many African leaders that African economies were fundamentally different from . . . Western economies. . . . Even though these views . . . led in different directions, they had one tendency in common: they supported a belief in central planning and in government intervention" in the economy.

What followed was a textbook case of mercantilist calamity that simply reinforced Africa's most fundamental problems. Import-substitution schemes sought to replace foreign products with local ones produced by government-sponsored industries. These enterprises were protected by high tariffs and import quotas. Interest rates were controlled with the intention of stimulating investment. Exchange rates were artificially high, which in turn discouraged exports.

Finally, in such countries, political instability leads to further politicization of the economy. Because urban unrest poses the greatest danger to unstable regimes, high minimum wages are imposed, together with price controls on basic foodstuffs, to soothe city-dwellers. Farm productivity and farmers' incomes drop. As in most heavily politicized economies, there is widespread graft.

What is the solution? So far as there is one solution, and Roemer stresses that it is not a panacea, it is this: "If government cannot effectively direct and control development, the only alternative is to rely increasingly on market mechanisms to guide economic decision-making, and on private activity to implement development goals. . . . Boldly put, in Africa, capitalist economies can probably achieve growth, equality, and self-reliance more readily than socialist ones."

IN THE END, one must take Professors Bauer and Yamey's argument about the origins of the Third World with a grain of salt. Most countries in that category were, after all, colonies and share a history of recent decolonization. There was a basis for a sense of commonality in relation to the West, though the legacy of aid undoubtedly encouraged it, as did the very existence of permanent international forums where Third World diplomats could meet to synchronize their anti-Western steps.

Yet the greater point ought not to be missed. To the extent that Western aid distracts attention from what makes economies grow, to the extent it encourages further politicization of the poor nations' marketplace, the operation kills the patient. Ironically, the Third World countries to emulate are those that have done what we do, instead of what our visiting economists told them to do. □

Mr. Scully is Editor of This World *and Consulting Editor of* The Public Interest.

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Their Present Danger

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

The trashing of Norman Podhoretz's latest book, *Why We Were in Vietnam*, began even before its official publication date this past spring. It was a sort of pre-emptive strike at a delicious target of opportunity by mainstream liberalism. A month before pub date, the book had been declared a free-fire zone by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in *Harper's* and by Theodore Draper in *The New Republic*. After this softening up by such Long Toms came the overkill barrage from James Fallows in the *New York Times Book Review*, Christopher Lehmann-Haupt as the *Times's* daily reviewer, and others. No book in recent years has suffered such a battering.

It wasn't just that the book itself was gassed, shrapneled, bayoneted, strafed, bombed, and nuked: the author, in turn, was made out to be an amalgam of Strangelove, Hitler, Pegler, and Pecksniff. (The uproar increased in intensity after Podhoretz had an essay published in the *New York Times Magazine* in early May that was sharply critical of President Reagan's foreign policy for not being conservative *enough*.) Podhoretz, they said, was "a Spengler on horseback" (whatever that means) and "a highbrow hitman for the neoconservative movement"; his world view was "neurotic, unstable, dingy, and unconvincing." *Commentary*, which he edits, reads as if "it were written by one person, a solemn and dyspeptic sourpuss." The *Christian Science Monitor*'s Joseph C. Harsch accused him of allying himself with two powerful lobbies—the armaments industry and the Israelis. He was accused of dishonesty for having become pro-Vietnam whereas, a decade earlier, he had been anti-Vietnam; and for (allegedly) concealing in this book his earlier opposition to the war.

On this point, Fallows's review enunciated the diktat that, while people have a right to change their minds, they are not then "entitled to self-righteousness and venom." An arguable point—although it comes perhaps a bit oddly from someone who left the Carter White House in mid-term to become the scourge of his former employer.

The most contemptible attack, though, was the one by Anthony Lewis, the ineffable *New York Times* columnist, who said that Podhoretz sounds "almost sorry that the bombs are not actually falling." To accuse someone in the course of political debate of craving a nuclear war (I would hesitate to make such a charge against Leonid Brezhnev) is to violate flagrantly the ethics of controversy, a practice which, it is true, the long-suffering readers of the *Times* Op-Ed page have come to expect of Lewis. A similar low blow was directed at Podhoretz and other neoconservatives by James A. Wechsler, who wrote, in his *New York Post* column, of those "long-ago liberals who became Reagan cheerleaders in 1980 [and who] yearn for a return to the strident rhetoric of the anti-Bolshevik crusade and worldwide leadership of a struggle to the death (preferably not but, if necessary, nuclear) with Moscow."

What Wechsler, Lewis, Fallows, Schlesinger, and the others are really attacking is not, of course, the specifics of this book, but the implications of all the recent work of Podhoretz, Irving Kristol, and others like them: namely that left-liberalism is not necessarily the civil religion of intellectuals; and that conservatism alone can strengthen American democracy.

Supporting the liberal-left barrage was another column of assailants: the Jewish Left, which has been giving it to Podhoretz for the last five years. He was a Jew "without mercy," as one writer characterized him and other Jewish neoconservatives. The American Jewish Committee, which sponsors (but does not control) *Commentary*, was challenged to dismiss Podhoretz, and rumors circulate that his days as editor are numbered. This bitterness on the part of left-wing Jews arises from the magazine's position in recent years against left-liberalism, particularly as it has flourished among middle-class "temple" Jews and Jewish intellectuals. For a Jewish intellectual to move to the political and cultural Right—that is, to urge military as well as political resistance to Communism and Marxism

Arnold Beichman *is the author of* Nine Lies about America. *He covered Vietnam for the* Christian Science Monitor, *the* New York Herald Tribune, Encounter, *the* London Daily Telegraph, *and other publications. . . .* **Jeffrey Hart***'s new book is* When the Going Was Good: American Life in the Fifties, *to be published by Crown in September. . . .* **Alan L. Miller** *is an editorial writer for the* Detroit News. *. . .* **Joseph A. Rehyansky** *is a U.S. Army judge advocate based in Falls Church, Va. . . .* **Francis Russell**, *a Bostonian now transplanted to Sandwich, Mass., is a Contributing Editor of* NR.

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and to Soviet foreign policy, and to expose the New as well as the Old Left —all this was to forsake somehow the Judaism of one's ancestors.

Yet the rhetoric visited upon the book and its author was a glaringly disproportionate response to Podhoretz's major arguments:

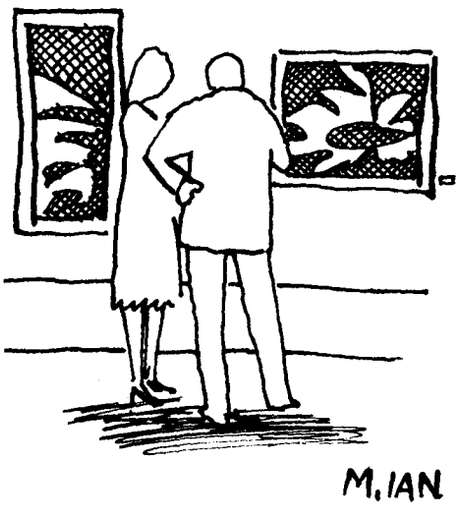
1. America embarked upon the Vietnam War "for the sake of an ideal . . . the product of the Wilsonian side of the American character." This impulse led to "an act of imprudent idealism whose moral soundness was overwhelmingly vindicated by the hideous consequences of our defeat." That is, the morality of that impulse is irrefutable because its intention was to save the southern half of Vietnam from the horrors of Communism.

2. It is "fully, painfully" clear that the "American effort to save Vietnam from Communism was indeed beyond our intellectual and moral capabilities."

3. The antiwar movement bears "a certain measure of responsibility for the horrors that have overtaken the people of Vietnam."

Now what terrible heresy has Podhoretz uttered here? That the impulse which led to the Vietnam War arose from American idealism? Oxford professor Michael Howard voiced precisely the same opinion a few years earlier: "American idealism," he said, "was a major factor in [America's] involvement in Vietnam." Indeed, American "enthusiasm" for the Vietnam War was "as noble as that which had swept the British in 1914; and like that, it was not to survive the ordeals which it so eagerly courted." Professor Howard's views were not published in some obscure journal but in *Encounter* (May 1979). I don't recall that his article, "'Many Reasons' for Vietnam," was attacked with the ferocity visited upon Podhoretz.

Henry Grunwald, editor of *Time*, who at least accorded the book a serious review, argued against Podhoretz's thesis. "The fact that an action begins with noble intentions," said Grunwald, "does not necessarily make it moral." For Arthur Schlesinger, the war was a problem of proportionality—"the principle that means must have a due, prudent, and rational relationship to ends." Perhaps it is because the U.S. effort did take into consideration a rational proportionality that defeat became inevitable; after all, there was no land invasion of the North, no bombing of the dikes, no censorship on the field of battle, no demand for military support from our European allies, no suppression of civil rights, no all-out war. Compared to the property damage inflicted on both North and South Korea, Vietnam was, militarily, no big war.



Why then this questioning of American motives? Podhoretz isn't saying it was a wonderful war, that it was a winnable war, or that it was even a desirable war. All he is saying is that it was a war entered into for decent, democratic motives, that it was a war supported by three Presidents and two of their opponents and, for a considerable amount of time, by the American people, who repudiated the anti-Vietnam candidacy of McGovern as late as 1972. Should Vietnam have been left to go down without a fight? Supposing it were possible today to save Afghanistan or Poland from the cruelty of Soviet aggression and to do so without direct military intervention—wouldn't that be a good thing? We all agree on the morality of providing humanitarian aid after Communist conquest, yet isn't seeking to rescue people from Kampuchean genocidalists a form of humanitarian aid and, therefore, just as moral? If fighting alongside the Soviet Union against Hitler was moral, why was fighting alongside Diem, Khanh, and Thieu against Hanoi immoral? What's morally wrong with not helping Communists? What's morally wrong with helping the enemies of Communism?

As for the "imprudent" argument, I'm not sure I even agree with Podhoretz. Were the Hungarians imprudent in 1956, the East Germans in 1953, the Czechs in 1968? Was Lech Walesa imprudent? Are the Afghans imprudent in fighting the Soviet superpower? Were the Finns imprudent in standing alone against the Red Army in 1940? Was Hanoi imprudent in resisting U.S. military power? Suppose it had been Viscount Halifax, not Winston Churchill, who had been chosen to succeed Neville Chamberlain in 1940. Looking about him, Halifax might have noted the low estate of Britain's defenses, the slogging retreat from Dunkirk, the flaming spirit of American isolationism, the fall of France, Stalin's fawning before the triumphant Hitler, now at the English Channel, the nightly Luftwaffe bombings—who would have blamed Halifax if he had tried to make the best deal for Britain with the esurient Nazis?

". . . the survival not only of the United States but of free institutions everywhere," Podhoretz has written, "depends on a resurgence of American power." Podhoretz's severest critics would, of course, disagree that the way to avoid future Vietnams is through balanced American military power. There are those of us, however, who have learned —in the case of Jimmy Carter, belatedly, in mid-December 1979; in the case of Marshall Shulman and Cyrus Vance, never—that the Soviet Union respects military power and nothing else.

The attack on Podhoretz has little to do with the fact that he made no mention in this book of his change of heart about Vietnam; the attack wouldn't have been amended if he had. It also has little to do with the fact that he quoted extensively from the pro-Hanoi blatherings of Susan Sontag, Frances FitzGerald, Mary McCarthy, and other intellectual luminaries. What it does have to do with is Podhoretz's view of the future of American democracy, whose strength can be guaranteed only by "a resurgence of American power." For those who, consciously or unconsciously, look upon the rest of the century as moving inexorably in the direction of Soviet Marxism; for those who see democratic civilization as being served better by Marxist guerrillas in Latin America or Africa and who, therefore, reprobate U.S. intervention in favor of existing governments; for those who would rather be Red than dead and who are moving toward unilateral disarmament—Podhoretz's book, his defense of the war in Vietnam, represents *their* present danger. And they will not let up on Podhoretz until, somehow, he is silenced. □

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On Strategy: A Critical Analysis of the Vietnam War
By Harry G. Summers Jr.
Presidio Press, 210 pp., $12.95

VIETNAM: THE LAST WORD

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

Colonel of Infantry Harry G. Summers served as a squad leader in Korea and as a battalion and corps operations officer in Vietnam. He is a strategist now serving on the faculty of the Army War College. I mention these matters up front to get them out of the way: some will dismiss this book because it was written by an Army officer on taxpayer time with the cooperation of the entire military bureaucracy, from the Army Chief of Staff on down. Others more familiar with the workings of the military and the candid give-and-take that occurs within its councils will recognize this short, dense book for what it is: the definitive analysis of one of America's greatest agonies. Take *Dispatches* off your coffee table. Move *Crisis in Command* to a distinctly subordinate spot in your library. Give *Self-Destruction* to the Cub Scouts' paper drive. *On Strategy* will, I predict, not merely become the seminal work on Vietnam; it will make history. First privately printed by the Army War College, the book has just been reissued commercially by Presidio Press. Advance reviews have been uniformly laudatory, and with good reason. Our civilian and military leaders, and the citizens whose blood and flesh and treasure are expended in our wars, will ignore this book at their peril.

What Clausewitz did for war, Colonel Summers has done for the Vietnam War. Applying Clausewitz's principles and his own abundant good sense, Colonel Summers has woven an intricate tapestry of the strategic, tactical, political, and social aspects of the war into a coruscating analysis of *what* went wrong, of *how* and *why*, and of what we could have done at each stage to keep our effort from turning into an inexcusable and costly debacle.

Lyndon Johnson decided to commit U.S. combat forces without attempting to mobilize the national will and focus the public's attention on an identifiable enemy. He did not want to jeopardize his Great Society initiatives in Congress and he thought that a "business as usual" war against a fifth-rate power was winnable. Besides, he didn't trust the military, which he saw primarily as a pack of glory-chasers, and he rarely consulted his military leaders on key decisions. The military leaders, meanwhile, were convinced that our approach was defective. But, given our overwhelming superiority in every measurable category, they were also convinced that we could win it anyway. We settled on a defensive strategy that amounted to little more than fighting and consistently destroying the enemy's forces where and when we found them. In fact, this method was nothing more than a grand offensive *tactic*—we had no genuine strategy to speak of—that worked as long as we were willing to sustain the effort.

The enemy, meanwhile, remained on the strategic offensive throughout the war, and never lost sight of his goal—the subjugation of the South. He could shift from the tactical defensive to the tactical offensive as conditions changed and opportunities arose. North Vietnam, after all, *was* mobilized, as was the court of public opinion. We got bogged down in graduated responses and overreacted to the insurgency threat (mistakes we did not make in Korea), and decided to export the Great Society in the form of nation-building (another mistake we did not make in Korea, where internal problems were left to the host government) with the ultimate effect of diffusing the focus of our effort and preventing the South Vietnamese from developing significant cohesion, initiative, and self-reliance.

Our power was diluted, fatally, by our arrogance. We waited on events, because we thought we could afford to. The North Vietnamese, who never forgot that they had a real stake in the outcome of the war, could bide their time and commit only so much of their resources as they thought they could spare at any given time. The North Vietnamese Army—the true enemy "center of gravity," in Clausewitz's phrase—was never identified as the primary focus of our efforts. That it was their center of gravity was made obvious by the near-total destruction of the insurgent cadres during Tet '68: afterward, the Vietcong never constituted more than 20 per cent of the enemy in the field. We destroyed unit after unit of the North Vietnamese Army, piecemeal, in battle after battle, only to see the many-headed Hydra reconstituted behind the relatively safe sanctuary of the 17th Parallel.

Colonel Summers does not, I hasten to add, believe that we should have fought Vietnam as a "total war," and he points out that Vietnam was, when compared to many of America's wars, really nothing special—except for the botch we made of it. Apart from the two World Wars and the Civil War, all of the conflicts in which our nation has been involved have been limited wars, and most had relatively favorable outcomes. Even Korea was a victory in classical political and military terms: our goal was a return to the *status quo ante*, and we achieved it. The difference is that in Korea, as in Cuba at the turn of the century, as against Britain in 1812, and elsewhere, we had not only goals, but a clearly defined strategy and effective tactics (and we did not confuse one with the other) for achieving them.

Another useful aspect of Colonel Summers's book is his analysis of public opinion, the role of the press, and America's tendency of late toward euphemism. Many can still recall when we had a "War Department," which is now the "Department of Defense." Army officers who hear the term "managing assets" know that what the speaker means is "pushing troops." The process continues unabated. A current Army field manual discusses "target servicing": you guessed it—the destruction of the target. The new terms are, of course, nicer. They are appropriate for a society grown effete, for a people made uncomfortable by the use of ugly words to describe ugly things. But when a war can be brought into your living room in dazzling color by a newsman who knows that his job is, all disclaimers notwithstanding, to make the camera lie, if only by exagger-

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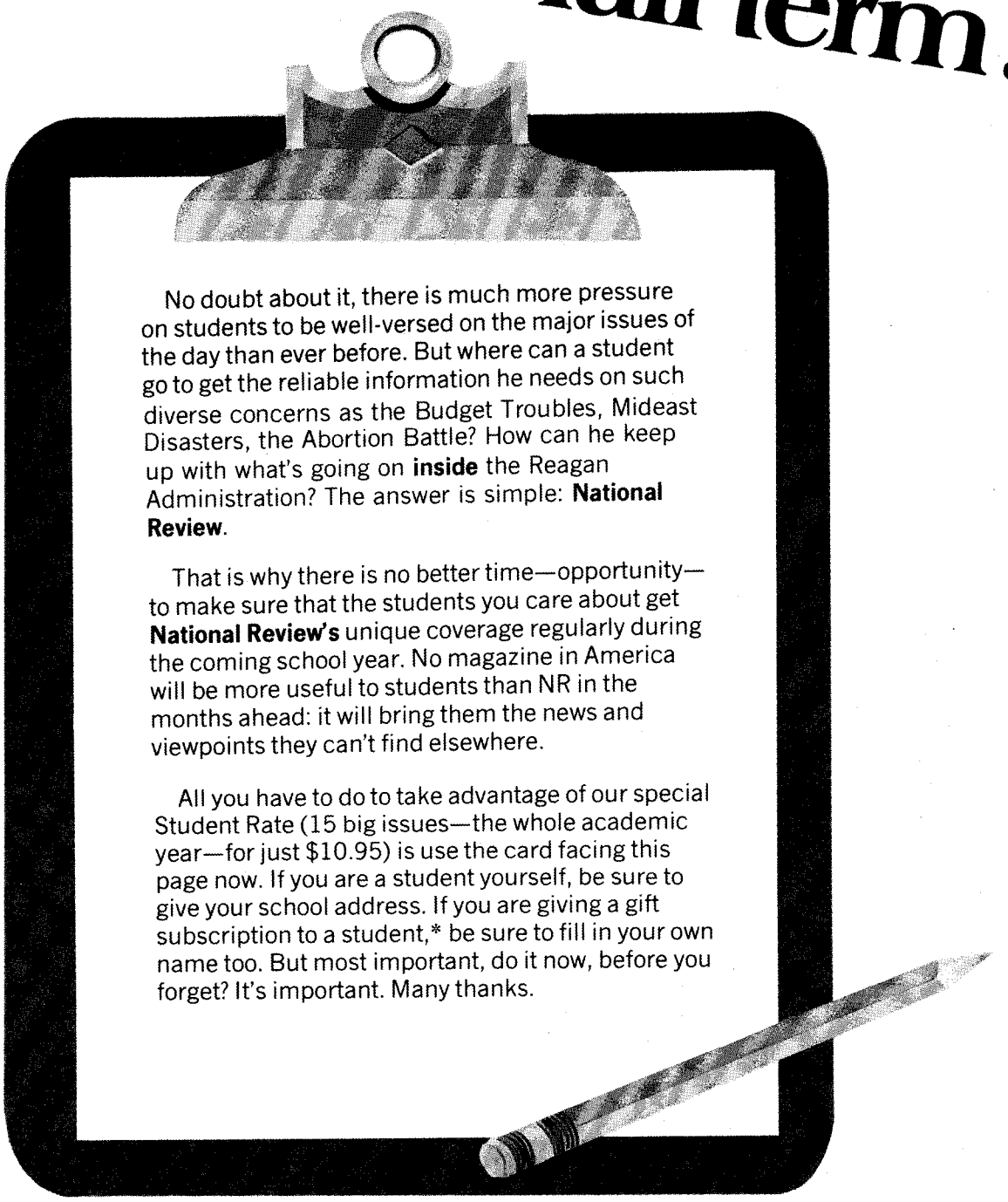

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ation and emphasis, then the American tank you have just seen ripped into a pile of twisted junk does not look as if it has been "serviced"; the soldiers running to rescue the crew are not being "managed." And what they're all doing looks like—God help us—war. □

Defending the West
By Winston Churchill II
Arlington House, 224 pp., $14.95

A STATE OF WAR

JEFFREY HART

If someone wants to destroy you, you normally have some intimation of that intention. And the normal human reaction is to meet the threat one way or another. This does not seem to be the case where Western civilization is concerned.

The challenge to the West does not lack theoretical explication from the perspective of the target, although—a telling point—such explication has come relatively late in the mortal game.

The other side began with a powerful theory. That theory was not, as usually supposed, a theory of society—equality, socialism, and all that. What Marxist-Leninism really was, was a serious theory of seizing power; hence it is not surprising that it has been widely successful in that aspect. And since it was never a serious theory of society, it is not surprising that the societies it has established have been disasters, pure dictatorships without philosophical compass.

But, yes, we have had our theoretical answers from the West, a whole series of them since the misnamed Cold War began in 1945 (sorry: 1917).

Edmund Burke, in his *Reflections*, said that he had been "shocked into reflection" by the doctrines of the French revolutionaries. So, too, we have had a literary-political genre of "shocked" Western works since 1945. They are all correct. The really interesting question is why they have made so little difference in our public discourse—why, that is, their correct analytical conclusions are not embodied in the way we discuss things in our day-to-day politics.

Early on, Robert Strausz-Hupé—the founder of the Foreign Policy Research Institute—and several of his associates produced a small classic entitled *Protracted Conflict* (1959). Try reading this book today. Every sentence of it stands up as true. The process it describes still goes on, at ever greater intensity. As his title indicates, Strausz-Hupé had noticed that the very "protractedness" of the conflict was a strategic factor, and a negative one for the West. The conflict goes on and on and on, now here, now there, now in Vietnam, then in El Salvador. And it will go on and on and on . . . until the last domino falls.

Another classic in this mode was James Burnham's *The Suicide of the West* (1964), which arose out of a Princeton seminar. Burnham is one of the great intellects of the modern West, a man of relentless realism, and, as he showed conclusively in this book, we are retreating because of a failure of the will, which, first of all, manifests itself in the cultivation of illusion. The loss of intellectual clarity results, at its roots, from a failure of intellectual courage.

We have also had, for example, Richard Nixon's *The Real War* (1980). This is a hard-boiled book, and, again, absolutely accurate. Nixon knows exactly what is going on. He knows that the Soviets began their intensified politico-military war against the West even before World War II was over. He knows how savagely they still carry it on.

Well, all of this is true, and in the book under review, Winston Churchill II lucidly and powerfully brings it all up to date. The problem is that it doesn't seem to make much difference. The articulate Western social class is not *serious* politically. What really matters is what Brezhnev calls "the correlation of forces." The articulate Western social class knows little and cares less about that kind of reality.

When we begin to talk about "the correlation of forces," we are addressing something real, and, astutely, Winston Churchill II, a Conservative Member of Parliament, uses Brezhnev's remarkable quotation as the epigraph for his book. Study it, reader. Brezhnev is a serious politician:

"Trust us, Comrades, for by 1985, as a consequence of what we are now achieving with 'Detente,' we will have achieved most of our objectives in Western Europe. . . . And the shift in the correlation of forces will be such that, come 1985, we will be able to exert our will wherever we need to."

It is intellectually exciting that the grandson of the great statesman of the West, who warned against the Soviet threat and coined the gloomy phrase "Iron Curtain" in his Fulton, Missouri speech, should now analyze our present circumstance and how we got there.

Mr. Churchill convinces me that both Kissinger and Nixon—both of whom I

RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST SEPTEMBER TITLES: *Charles Ryder's Schooldays and Other Stories* (Little, Brown, $12.95; paper, $5.95) is a collection of pieces by Evelyn Waugh, most of which have been out of print since the Thirties. . . . Patrick McCarthy's *Camus* (Random House, $17.95) will probably be recognized as the authoritative biography of the French novelist, playwright, and philosopher.

■ SOME OCTOBER TITLES: *None of the Above: Why Presidents Fail and What Can Be Done about It* (NAL, $14.95), by Robert Shogan, Washington correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times*, evaluates the Presidencies from Kennedy's to Reagan's and attributes their "chronic failures" to the weakening of political parties and the ascendancy of "personalized" leadership. . . . Peter N. Carroll's *It Seemed like Nothing Happened: The Tragedy and Promise of America in the 1970s* (Holt, Rinehart, $19.95) is an attempt to do for the Seventies what Frederick Lewis Allen did for the Twenties.

The Wall Street Journal: The Story of Dow Jones & the Nation's Business Newspaper (Rand McNally, $16.95), by Lloyd Wendt, is dully thorough history commemorating the centennial of an American institution.

Vern Haugland's *The Eagles' War: The Saga of the Eagle Squadron Pilots* (Jason Aronson, $18.50) is the story of the American pilots who flew with the RAF and RCAF during and after the Battle of Britain. There is a Foreword by HRH Prince Philip and a preface by Barry M. Goldwater. . . . *Libyan Sandstorm: The Complete Account of Qaddafi's Terrifying Revolution* (Holt, Rinehart, $16.50), by John K. Cooley, is the first book-length treatment of a repulsive regime.

The Life of John Berryman (Routledge & Kegan Paul, $22.50), by John Haffenden, is a flawed biography of an overrated American poet. . . . Kurt Vonnegut's latest novel is *Deadeye Dick* (Delacourte/Seymour Lawrence, $14.95), for Vonnegut fans only.

—CW

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admire immensely—nevertheless had sentimental illusions about those "correlations of forces." The strength of Churchill's book is that it takes the correlation of forces seriously, e.g.:

> A bizarre element of the SALT I agreement, not to put too fine a point on it, was that under its terms the United States conceded that the Soviet Union would be entitled to 240 more SLBMs and 346 more ICBMs than the United States—a margin of 34 per cent in each case and far more than justified by any need to offset the U.S. advantage in multiple warheads. . . . The naïveté of the Western governments and negotiators was matched only by the calculating cynicism of their Soviet counterparts. No sooner was the SALT I agreement signed than the Kremlin launched a test program of an entire new generation of four ICBM systems, the SS-16, SS-17, SS-18, and SS-19 missiles. This massive strategic buildup was to give the Soviet Union initially parity, and, ultimately, strategic superiority, over the United States.

Winston Churchill's book makes this cold-eyed assessment all along the line. It is the same assessment made by Strausz-Hupé, Burnham, and—after they had left power—Kissinger and Nixon.

The "correlation of forces" continues to tilt dangerously against the West, the tilt becoming ever more steep. In this lucid book, Churchill brings the often-repeated analysis up to date. The dark question remains of whether even the most accurate analysis makes any difference at all. □

Life with the Enemy
By Werner Rings
Doubleday, 351 pp., $17.95

ROUGHING IT

ALAN L. MILLER

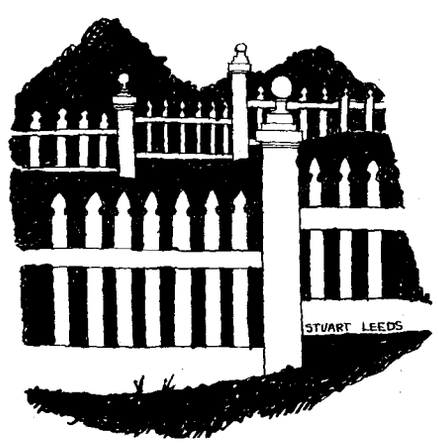
The indignity of living under foreign military occupation is a bitter trial that most Americans have experienced only in their darkest nightmares. Yet for 220 million people—nearly the whole of the European Continent—the long dark night of Nazi repression was a grim reality that did not dissipate with the morning light. Their nightmare began with the German *Blitzkrieg* and continued until the Allied counteroffensive hurled the invaders back to Berlin. And, almost worst of all, in the intervening years these captive peoples faced the choice of either confronting or collaborating with their enemy.

So at least we have believed. Comes now Werner Rings with a new analysis of life under Nazi occupation. Rings was born and educated in Germany; he emigrated to Spain in 1933, thence to France, and finally to Switzerland, where he eventually became a citizen. He argues that there was no such clear-cut distinction between confrontation and collaboration, and that the role of wartime resistance has been largely overstated.

RINGS does not discount the heroism of those who risked, and often lost, their lives in opposing Nazi rule. But he does maintain that notwithstanding its psychological significance, the Resistance was strategically unimportant to the war's outcome. He also denies the common assumption that collaborators were necessarily craven cowards who simply did the enemy's bidding. Some were, of course, but often collaboration was a necessary and practical response to an unavoidable situation. Indeed, collaboration was often itself a form of resistance—a subtle weapon used against the conqueror.

What happened in Denmark provides a prime example of the difference between collaboration and appeasement. King Christian X's decision to remain in Copenhagen rather than choose exile in England led the Nazis in circles for two years as they sought a delicate balance between conquest and cooperation with the wily monarch. Rings credits the King's "tactical collaboration" with sparing his countrymen undue suffering, saving thousands of the nation's Jews, and frustrating Hitler's Danish design.

Belgian and Dutch civil servants also employed this weapon of tactical collaboration. Before leaving the country, government ministers had instructed their deputies to establish contact with the occupying power. This "shadow staff" agreed to keep the administrative machinery running smoothly so long as the Nazis refrained from installing a National Socialist government, and, in return, the Belgian and Dutch administrators were not required to harm their own people or their national interests.



"Simultaneous collaboration and resistance was," Rings asserts, "the essential feature of all the policies open to national administrators in every occupied country, provided that they themselves were not National Socialists. If they spurned all contact with the occupying power, their days were numbered. But the longer they contrived to yield on the right point at the right moment, the longer they would keep up the tug-of-war and the more they could hope to accomplish. What counted was not political dexterity alone, but the latent objective and political purpose of collaboration." The reason this worked so well, Rings stresses, and indeed eventually unhinged the Nazis, was that Hitler had no practical design for consolidating his empire. Consequently, it was comparatively easy to sabotage his infrastructure under the guise of cooperation.

These wily resisters stood in sharp contrast to those who really were craven collaborators. That eponym of treachery Vidkun Quisling, for example—an opportunist who hungered for a position of authority—was never taken seriously by either the Nazis or the Norwegians. A similar fate befell the other local fascist leaders: exploited and distrusted by Hitler, used as mere auxiliaries, they had, on average, the support of no more than 2 per cent of their own people. They were, in their effect, more comical than diabolical.

As for armed resistance, Rings concludes that it was effective only insofar as it could be coordinated with Allied military efforts. Unfortunately, he notes, these instances were limited by strategic circumstance, and by the reluctance of general staffs to work with the Resistance. There were good reasons for their reluctance. Several of the Resistance movements actually hindered the war effort, principally by fighting among themselves for a postwar political advantage. For example, a Communist drive in occupied Greece forced Churchill to transfer sizable numbers of British troops, including a division from the Italian campaign, to preserve the threatened status quo in and around Athens.

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Nor were many of the Resistance groups any match for the machinations of Nazi counterintelligence. The Germans had so successfully penetrated major French Resistance organizations by 1943 that the Nazis were intercepting 60 per cent of Allied airdrops of arms and ammunition. Frequently, German intelligence captured and then "turned" Resistance members. In 1943 fabricated Czech Resistance centers were communicating with Moscow. Two years later the Gestapo had arrested every remaining freedom-fighter in Prague. From 1943 to 1945 the Allies were sending staff and supplies to a Dutch Resistance group that had been "turned" by the Nazis.

Life with the Enemy probes a sensitive subject, and Werner Rings's conclusions are certain to provoke controversy. This carefully researched and reasoned study deserves serious consideration by anyone who has experienced—or imagined—the nightmare of enemy occupation. □

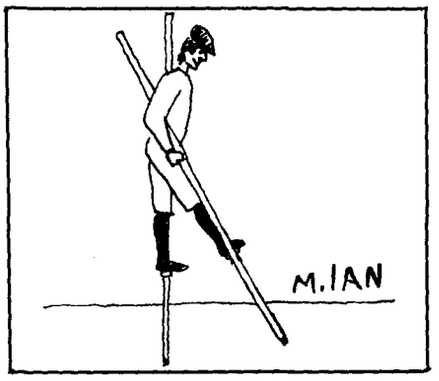
Roughnecking It
By Chilton Williamson Jr.
Simon & Schuster, 288 pp., $15.50

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS AGAIN

FRANCIS RUSSELL

In 1861, after an unheroically brief stint as a Confederate irregular, the 26-year-old Sam Clemens—on his way to becoming Mark Twain—left the Missouri frontier in an overland coach for Nevada. Ahead of him lay El Dorado of flush-times Washoe, booming, violent, uniquely American, with a vitality incomprehensible to the East. Sam in the careless exuberance of his young-manhood comprehended it, recalling in more measured years "the gladness and the wild sense of freedom that used to make the blood dance in my veins on those fine overland mornings." In the preface to *Roughing It*, that "record of several years of variegated vagabonding," he wrote of "the rise, growth, and culmination of the silver-mining fever in Nevada—a curious episode . . . that has occurred in the land and the only one, indeed, that is likely to occur in it."

For over a century Mark Twain's pre-



diction held. Not until the oil shortage did such turbulent prospector days again come to the West. Then with lurid suddenness a new Oil Dorado emerged in the prehistoric Overthrust—that jagged ribbon of buckled earth-crust running from Alaska to South America, centering in Wyoming, and containing enough oil and natural-gas deposits to power the United States for five years. The rush was on. Anonymous little towns expanded like balloons and new ones sprang up almost overnight. "Most of the new men coming into Wyoming," according to Chilton Williamson, wanderer in Mark Twain's wagon tracks and perceptive historiographer of Oil Dorado, "were in search of high-paying jobs in the oil fields, the coal mines, the trona pits; many of them hoped to make a killing in the fantastic audacious boom towns around the state, while a few were drawn by the lure of rough untrammeled frontier life and the smell of violence."

Venturesome as Sam Clemens before him, Williamson abandoned New York to immerse himself in this new Western frontier. Sam had traveled by coach, and then by wagon. Williamson headed West in a Rustic Green Land Cruiser to Wyoming's Overthrust where, as he succinctly records, the energy boom had brought "a population explosion, tent cities, and pre-fabs. It brought air pollution, where formerly there had been only pure Rocky Mountain air, bright and thin as Coors beer; it brought indignation to the hearts of the Sierra Club; it brought massive public drunkenness, shootings, car wrecks, prostitutes, drug pushers, and, some people said, mobsters. Within a few years Wyoming had become a synonym for everything that was going on in the American West, to transmute, by a wild and sinister chemistry, the Old West into the New."

Williamson has a subliminal instinct for time and place. In *Roughnecking It* he has woven together the contraries of a turbulent oil town—in this case Kemmerer, almost in the center of the Overthrust—and the stark Wyoming landscape that he sees as unequaled, "the country of the gods." That ascetic landscape, so contrary to the East,

> resists sentiment, just as it resists, as it always has resisted, everything human, including, most of it, the human sense of beauty. Saving only portions of the Southwest, the Wyoming interior is the most nonhomocentric place in the United States. . . . Foreign clays gleam green, yellow, pink, red, and white. The landforms are weird, bizarre, haunting: scalloped hills rising smoothly on one side, cresting, then falling sharply away in convex curves, like baked tidal waves; conicular pedestals supporting little twists of clay like congealed torch flares; triangular deltas aligned like the toes of an elephant, supporting the long bulk of a mesa—all of this no longer subject to the ordinary laws of size and scale, so that you could be with equal plausibility an ant wandering through the ruts in a dirt road or a giant striding across the surface of a distant planet.

Kemmerer itself is blatant, makeshift, a mixture of old bungalows and new jerry-builts, with pastel pre-fabs springing up in the sagebrush wasteland of the outskirts. Yet for the moment Kemmerer is bursting with a crude chthonic vitality. The air of impermanence intensifies its immediacy. Its Here is Now, and that, I think, is what has drawn Chilton Williamson to it, for he has abandoned the East to live there, finding an underlying permanence in its very transitoriness.

By some subtle osmosis he has made himself one with the oil-field roughnecks—the pipeliners, worms, derrick hands, Cat operators, drillers, the oil-trash as they call themselves. He has shared their lives and their life. These men he has mixed with, drunk with, hunted with, are earth men. They scar the landscape with their landcruisers, driving at seventy miles an hour or more while drinking beer and taking pot-shots at jackrabbits. Whisky is part of their recreation but beer, "the Nembutal of the oil patch," is the steady accompaniment of all their activities. They run oil rigs in forty-below-zero weather. For recreation they hunt deer and elk. Their children sear the ground with dirt bikes and snowmobiles. Their speech is earth speech, below the literary level, the speech of settlers, workers, ploughmen, soldiers, pioneers, since

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English began, the blunt and common Anglo-Saxon monosyllables that have burst into print in the last decades and that possibly, like the French *foutre*, will grow meaningless through overuse. Mark Twain could only hint at what he had heard. In *Roughing It* he has one of his table companions say: "Pass the bread, you son of a skunk." Then he adds, "No, I forgot, skunk was not the word." He would have envied Williamson's freedom to use the familiar and then-banned monosyllables.

Roughnecking It is a worthy successor to *Roughing It*, a marvelously evocative book: landscape and people, setting and incident. The oil boom will pass, Kemmerer and its counterparts will fade as Twain's Washoe faded. The mutilated earth will return to desert. But this is the way it was in Wyoming's Oil Dorado, set down with an historian's accuracy and a poet's insight, life penetrating through the always imperfect medium of words. And as I set the book aside in this prim seventeenth century Cape Cod village, eons removed from Kemmerer, I could apply Doughty's preface to *Arabia Deserta* to *Roughnecking It*:

> This book is not milk for babes: it might be likened to a mirror wherein is set forth faithfully some parcel of the soil. . . . And there might everyone whose life is remembered therein, hear, as it were, his proper voice; and many a rash bystander, smiting his thigh, should bear witness and cry "Ay, Wellah, the sooth indeed!" □

Russian Journal
By Andrea Lee
Random House, 239 pp., $13.50

ONE DAY AT A TIME

NIKA HAZELTON

The aspect of Russia that fascinates those of us who are not professional Kremlinologists is the everyday life of the people. Especially if we have ever been to Russia (as a group of us connected with *NR* were, for a short, ten-day trip several years ago) and have seen the block-long queues and the pathetic displays in the stores, what we want to know is how ordinary Russians get along day by day under an oppressive regime. This is the Russia Andrea Lee discovered for herself and has described in one of the most interesting books I have ever read about that country.

In 1978, Andrea Lee, 25 years old, with an MA in English from Harvard, went to live in the Soviet Union with her husband, another Harvardian, while he studied for his doctorate in Russian history at Moscow State University as part of a government-sponsored exchange of scholars. From the first evening, when they were shown to their tiny quarters in the University's huge "Stalinist-Gothic" skyscraper, Andrea Lee and her husband plunged into Soviet life. ". . . The fact that we both spoke Russian and were allowed to live among Russian students made it easy for us to make a number of Russian friends from outside the restricted circles normally accessible to foreigners. Since we lived on rubles, stood in queues, and rode the metro with ordinary Russians, we got a view of life in Moscow and Leningrad that was very different from that of the diplomats and journalists we knew, who drove cars, lived in isolated foreign 'ghettos,' and shopped in well-equipped foreign-currency stores."

In some 35 vignettes that read almost like short stories, the author describes familiar and unfamiliar aspects of Russian life. I was amused by the description of a public bath filled with large giggling women (usually so staid and careworn) frolicking around like lambs, and by that of the cab driver singing Verdi as he drives Andrea and her husband back from a Leningrad nightclub. There is the Moscow peasant market and the repressive atmosphere of Stalin's birthplace in a little Caucasian town. But most important of all, and constituting the true value of the book, are the descriptions of the people she associates with and their lives. Grigorii, a *stukach* (official stool pigeon), who keeps watch over them for the powers that be, is a friendly young man who likes to be the banker in Monopoly games and to listen to the song of the nightingales in the forest. Volodya, an engineer, has an extra job on the side—or rather, underground: he photographs schoolchildren for their parents with black-market color film. Seryozha, handsome and of aristocratic origin, becomes embroiled with his former wife's family and the KGB over his Moscow apartment. There is a brave, pathetic little group of hippies with their outdated American slang, and Rima, who lives precariously on little deals in icons, currency exchanges, and giving language lessons to diplomats. Then there are the Jewish intellectual students who want to learn English while they are waiting to be allowed to emigrate. They are abysmally ignorant of Western life but, like everyone the author met, insatiably curious about America. Andrea Lee somehow manages to teach them, illegally, without getting caught.

On Christmas Day Andrea Lee and her husband are invited to the dacha of

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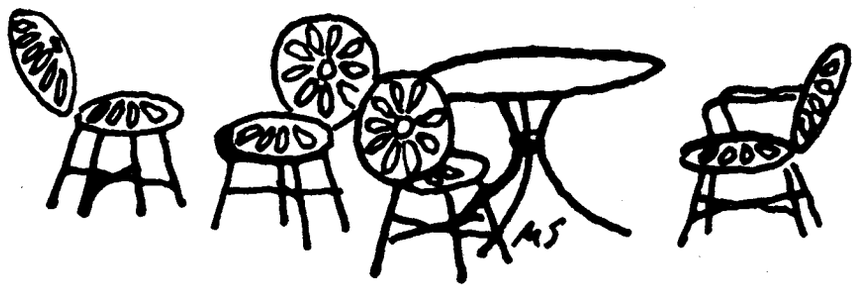
Victor Louis—that sinister spokesman for the Soviet Union—where the style of life, possessions, and manners are, by American standards, nothing short of imperial. She also meets a proud, sad Ethiopian, who came to Moscow as a loyal Marxist and has wound up acquiring a passionate hatred of the Soviet Union: all he wants is to return home, to fight on the side of the anti-Soviet Eritrean Nationalists.

The author succeeds so well in describing Russian life because she does not attempt any sweeping analysis of the country and its people. Instead, like a good novelist, she observes and records what she has seen honestly, without making things look better or worse than they actually are. The dark, oppressive side of Soviet life is constantly present, and all the more persuasive because it is understated. Her people are not visionaries, nostalgics, or perennially unhappy. They merely struggle to exist under intolerable circumstances, and to wrest some happiness and dignity from their lives. Upon leaving the Soviet Union, the author and her husband were flooded with relief and elation. But they must have left behind some part of themselves in that unforgettable land. □

FILM

AN INTELLECTUAL SUSPECT

JOHN SIMON



The Germans have a word for it: *Edelkitsch*, noble trash. Some recent fictional examples of it are *Fear of Flying*, *The White Hotel*, and *The World According to Garp*, John Irving's novel falling somewhere midway between D. M. Thomas's and Erica Jong's. As Calvin Bedient has remarked about another Thomas, R. S., his "poems have an almost visible brilliance," and so, too, has Irving's *magnum opus*: an intense, cute, rather labored brilliance that obscures all else—both the little that is there and the lot that pretends to be. The movie of *Garp*, written by Steve Tesich and directed by George Roy Hill, seems to me both more simple-minded and better than the novel. If this sounds like faint praise, it is meant so. Still, as movies go these days, it may not be all that faint after all.

Garp, as almost everyone knows—for almost everyone reads *Edelkitsch*, or reads enough about it to feel that he has read it—concerns well-born Jenny Fields, a nurse and fierce feminist, who wants a child but no husband, and so, during World War II, conceives by a dying ball-turret gunner, Technical Sergeant Garp, a child she names T. S. Garp. Already you can see the cutesiness of it. Even though young Garp explains to the girl he will marry that T. S. used to stand for Terribly Shy but now stands for Terribly Sexy, what reader will not associate it with T. S. Eliot? And since Garp is also Irving, the apotheosis is complete.

As you must further know, Jenny will write her autobiography as a "sexual suspect" and become a great guru for embattled feminists, including the Ellen Jamesians, who cut out their tongues to show their solidarity with Ellen James, a girl who was raped and had her tongue cut out to prevent her from betraying her violator. As you must also know, Garp, who, just like John Irving, turns into both a fine wrestler and a noted writer, is not so successful as his charismatically best-selling mother, but does well enough to marry nice Helen Holm, who becomes a professor of English. They have nice children whom they adore so much that a parental night out may consist of their getting into their car parked just outside, and watching through the windows their children playing with the baby-sitter. And yet they somehow start cheating on each other, and . . .

But why am I telling you all this? If you already know it, you surely want to forget it; if you don't and decide to see the movie, which greatly depends on oddball twists, you're better off if you're kept guessing. The novel's complicated plot and subplots have been considerably pared down. This makes the film less tricky and cloyingly sentimental than the book, and also less sadistic: the mutilations in which Irving revels have been omitted or toned down. On the other hand, certain absurdist elements that fit into the fabric of the book are doubly bothersome in the film. First, because film, unable to circumvent the real world, is intrinsically less hospitable to absurdism; and, second, because the screenplay winnows out so many absurdist elements that those left in stick out more jarringly.

EVEN SO, one cannot but admire the talent for compression and suggestion that both Hill and Tesich exhibit. Take the very title sequence: to the accompaniment of the Beatles singing "Will you still love me when I'm 64?" an angelically smiling yet slightly befuddled baby keeps bouncing skyward. We do not see the cause of his soarings: is baby Garp being tossed up by his mother, or is he already on the great trampoline of life, treading air before even walking the earth? Then the film proper begins as Jenny announces her motherhood to her shocked parents (beautifully sketched in by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy). Father blusters mutedly, mother exercises martyred self-control, Jenny glows with quiet arrogance; the whole family nexus is there in one quick epiphany. Tesich and Hill keep moving things along: if you don't like this scene, never mind, there'll be another one along in a jiffy.

Certain elements are handled more suavely than in the book, without, however, being shirked, e.g., the inadvertent emasculation by fellatio during the car crash. A potentially sticky character, such as Robert/Roberta, the transsexual football player, emerges charming, thanks largely to John Lithgow's thoroughly winning performance. The same goes for the brief appearance of Amanda Plummer as Ellen James. Even young Garp's fantasy about his aeronautical father's epic demise, done as a cartoon sequence partly drawn and partly dreamed by the child, comes off with flying colors. And though there are countless clever children pullulating throughout the movie, they do

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not, individually or collectively, sour us on their sweetness.

There are, however, less pleasant aspects. Garp, the delectable wrestler, writer, cook, and clown, is played by Robin Williams merely adequately; beware of television celebrities in even slightly more demanding movie roles. When the neighbors' dog bites off one of young Garp's ears, as the dialogue plainly states, Williams, no Van Gogh, continues to display a matched set; a real actor would have done something about that. But it is not so much too many ears as too little variety that makes Williams mediocre. As his wife, Mary Beth Hurt is much better; as his mother, Glenn Close outclasses him totally. The film is a triumph for Miss Close; she makes the half-whimsical, half-insufferable Jenny, a sort of intellectualized comic-strip character, into a unified, flesh-and-blood being, believably strange and strangely likable. She looks right: asexually attractive; sounds right: calmly, crisply commanding; and acts right: adamantly wrestling Irving's flightiest fancies down to earth.

Most of the supporting roles are well handled, and Irving himself makes a congenial cameo appearance as a wrestling referee. Miroslav Ondriček's unassumingly authoritative cinematography makes the most of some extremely well-chosen locations. And, as I said, the film moves right along. But, as I also said, it is *Edelkitsch* or, *anglice*, garpage.

NOT ENTIRELY dissimilar in its short, quixotic sequences, rather bizarre continuity, and dogged endeavor to mythicize its main characters is *Barbarosa*, the first American film by the brilliant Australian director Fred Schepisi (*The Devil's Playground*, *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*). This is the story of a fictitious robber in the Rio Grande area at the turn of the century—Barbarosa, as the Mexicans call him and, awe-struck, chant his name—who is

hunted by his Mexican wife's family; and of Karl, a lumbering young German-American farmer who has accidentally killed his brother-in-law and is pursued by *his* murderous family. The older man quizzically takes the amiable lout under his wing and teaches him—caustically, brutally, heuristically—the ins and outs of surviving as an outlaw.

THEY SHARE many picaresque adventures—some comic, some grotesque, several very nearly fatal—until Barbarosa decides they must part. Sadly, Karl goes back to farming (things are pretty lethal on the farm, too); when Barbarosa shows up to reclaim him, Karl gladly follows. But the old *bandido* ain't what he used to be, and finally lets the latest avenger from his wife's clan, instructed to bring back his *cojones* on a stick, kill him. Yet as the clan celebrates the victory, there is Karl, Barbarosa *redivivus*, snatching up the slayer's laurel wreath, and riding off with it. The *cojones*, happily, were never shishkebobbed.

The screenplay, by the Texan William D. Wittliff (responsible also for the misbegotten *Raggedy Man*), obviously leans on the legend of Frederick Barbarossa, on certain visual allusions to Don Quixote and Sancho, and on Western tall tales. The form of the film is that of a popular ballad devoting a couple of stanzas to each of its protagonist's heroic deeds up to his defeat by death and beyond: his resurrection in his disciple. The scenes are short, the transitions sudden, and psychological motivation is rudimentary. Almost all moments are highlights, but there is constant comic relief—whether an armadillo meant to provide dinner keeps eluding Karl, or whether Barbarosa, shot seemingly dead and being buried by his young friend, rises from the grave and escapes right behind the backs of his executioners.

I am not wholly enchanted by the elliptical story-telling, which leaves more to the imagination than it cares to be saddled with. And there is too much that strains the most complaisant credulity. Willie Nelson looks great as Barbarosa, another fellow whose ears have been cut off, but gives only a pleasantly nonprofessional performance. Gary Busey, however, is superb as Karl, a performance rich in details, every one of them overwhelmingly natural-looking. The lesser parts are well taken, notably by Gilbert Roland, although the capable Isola Vega is disappointing here.

What makes the film a must is Schepisi's direction and the cinematography of his trusty Australian cameraman, Ian Baker. Texas must have been filmed to death, but Baker's shots capturing the changes of light on the mesas make it live again in a league with Monet's haystacks and cathedrals. And Schepisi has a wonderfully quirky sense of camera placement, coming in closer or backing off farther than other directors would dare, framing shots slightly out of kilter for subtly disturbing effects, sneaking events up on you. His cinema is almost as tactile as it is visual; you are not merely confronted with his ornery world—you are shiveringly engulfed by it. □

The GIMLET EYE

WORKING WOMEN: WAITRESS

D. KEITH MANO

"The tip of my finger came off—whhhsht! I was slicing and I didn't use the little guard that goes down on the machine—I was just using my hand. I turned around to look at somebody and whhhsht! I felt a little tug and it was gone. I looked at it and it didn't even start bleeding yet—I saw the raw flesh there. The machine was set on a thick number, too."

There are burns across her inner arm today: trapezoidal, brown, like the discoloration on an ironing-board cover. Her thighs, naturally, are bruised. "They bump into you. Well, you can see what it's like behind the counter. These two guys're killing me. Peter, he's got feet on him this big. I'm pretty strong, but I've already threatened to come in with my brother's football equipment on."

Andrea is 5'6" approaching very tall. She has the sort of figure they used to paint on a B-29 in World War II. I mean, it's saturation bombing and sayonara Tokyo, little brother. Her face might've been written for brass by Mahler—big as two full servings and the texture of unfired clay. Her eyes are visored, not lidded: big and slow and super-impudent. A sardonic glance that'll separate her from all male offers based on double occupancy. Yet the smile, when flicked on, is safe-conduct and armistice: vulnerable, engaging, young. Andrea just turned 27. She has been dish-

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

"THE AIM of this book," Mary Douglas and Aaron Wildavsky write in the conclusion to *Risk and Culture: An Essay on the Selection of Technological and Environmental Dangers* (University of California Press, $14.95), "has been to understand the social forces that speak on behalf of environmental protection in America." Certainly they succeed in understanding part of them, and in creating what is for the most part a shrewd and provocative book.

"What are Americans afraid of?" Oh:

> Nothing much, really, except the food they eat, the water they drink, the air they breathe, the land they live on, and the energy they use. In the amazingly short space of 15 to twenty years, confidence about the physical world has turned into doubt. Once the source of safety, science and technology have become the source of risk. What could have happened in so short a time to bring forth so severe a reaction? How can we explain the sudden, widespread, across-the-board concern about environmental pollution and personal contamination that has arisen in the Western world in general and with particular force in the United States?

Their answer is that "a complex historical pattern of social changes" has brought about the sudden and widespread acceptance of "sectarian" values and beliefs—the credo of human goodness, natural equality, and purity of mind—according to which corruption inheres in worldliness and conspiracy, which are made responsible for introducing evil into the world and contaminating the body and the body politic alike. To people of sectarian inclinations virtue is represented by men in scarce numbers loosely organized and arrayed against the vast panoply of the natural world. That is their version of the Great Society, and it is that ideal to which their criticism of modernity refers.

According to Douglas and Wildavsky, their commitment is implicit in that criticism, most notably perhaps in their warnings of the catastrophic disasters likely to follow from overweening technology. All human activity carries risks of some sort, and, the authors argue, "Dangers are selected for public concern according to the strength and direction of social criticism." Asbestos, a substance developed to protect human beings against fire, has been discovered occasionally to cause cancer: anti-technological publicists want us not only to be warned against the risk, they want us to learn a *lesson* from it: a lesson about good and evil, exploitation and community, which they thoughtfully provide in a sermonette distributed *gratis* in pamphlet form. Of cancer itself they have little to say, and show no inclination to discourse upon the evils of sunbathing and its sinister connection with skin cancer.

WELL, THAT IS a nice point and I am grateful to Douglas and Wildavsky for making it and others like it—for unmasking motives traipsing the land in dishonest disguise. I am, however, made increasingly uneasy by a growing tendency among conservatives to equate conservatism with whatever is proven to enhance material production and consumption, and to treat anyone who believes either that there could possibly be too much of either, or that, after all, production and consumption are not really what human existence is fundamentally about, as heretical and, at bottom, disdainful of his fellow man. Some months ago, talking with a group of bright-eyed young "conservatives" (perhaps "neoconservatives" is a better description) in New York, I had the uneasy feeling of listening to unreconstructed liberals who had abandoned Keynesianism and the Great Society for Supply-Side and the Cornucopic Society.

Douglas and Wildavsky are baffled by "the proposition that affluence has bred distrust of the society that created it. Where does this idea come from?" It comes, of course, from an intimation of the profound moral truth that affluence is indeed in its general tendency corrupting. It is the awful paradox of the free enterprise system that the game, which is worth more than the candle, is so often immolated by it. □

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ing it out in diner and restaurant since she was sixteen.

Never mind oil or real estate or low finance, eating places are the widest tax loophole in America. Take-home pay there is higher than salary. I know barkeeps and waiters who net $300 to $400 per week-*end*, no FICA, FITW, or DBI. In the restaurant game, people with declared income are odder than a talking mime. At her quick sandwich joint Andrea will clear—I mean *clear*—$185 or more. She recently left another waitress job that tipped $250 to $270 plus all you could eat, for five six-hour days and one night. Even the guy who thought up Soap-on-a-Rope didn't do better. You wonder that actors, artists, writers also serve and stand and wait? Let T-men bust the food scam and we could afford to put John Glenn back in space, his true constituency. Of course, a burger'd cost $27.50, hold the meat.

"Sure it's good money. Sure, almost no one is on the books. But these places are dangerous. I get burned, spilt on. They bring up a case of eggplant and leave it on the floor and when you trip over it you don't get workmen's comp. I mean, if you have a weekend and you get hurt skiing, you won't collect unemployment so where the hell are you?

"And you're always in the middle between the chef and the customer. Somehow you have to make everyone happy, including yourself. The main thing is to be organized. The secret is in the footwork—try to get as many things as you can at one time. And memory is important: to remember the way people take a drink. They like that. The worst part is—there's nothing to define your job. Waitress could mean chopping garlic, sweeping floors, doing dishes. You're always at their mercy and that's what I don't like being. I'm conscientious but most of the people who own these places are Italian or Greek and they expect a lot of work out of you. Then when business gets good they shove another waitress next to you—and make you pool your tips with her."

Food is intimate. From Joan Crawford in *Mildred Pierce* to Sue Sarandon in *Atlantic City*, waitresses have afforded a provocative American emblem. There is subsexual dealing at the table. Most restaurateurs sense it: they dress their women subtly to suggest. Tips, after all, reward special service: not just efficiency but charm and obedience as well. The waitress must take a man's order. Performance, in either sense of that word, has been required. (Particularly when behind the counter—which even looks stage-like—waitresses role-play.) "Will there be anything else, sir?" is a very open-ended question, indeed. You are fed by the most important, most sensual women in life: mother, spouse, mistress. At one time or another Andrea has been surrogate for them all.

"I suppose looks do have a lot to do with it. In this game you get more respect being young and good-looking. I get come-ons, sure, but I usually have an answer for them. That's part of the job, that's part of what I enjoy. If I was sitting in some office I'd have to fight off a boss probably and that's one guy and he's got all the power over me. But sometimes I feel my looks prevent me from being more friendly than I'd like to be. Let's face it: there's many more men who'll find me attractive before I'll find them attractive. And yet sometimes I feel very insecure. And I say to myself, 'God, if I didn't look like

(Continues on page 1101)

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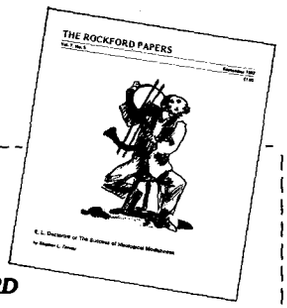

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[LUDWIG] VON MISES:

Politics and Ideas

Today one might hear people say, "Now we are more practical in the legislature." Of course we are more practical. People today do not talk about freedom. They talk about a higher price for peanuts. Of course the legislatures have changed considerably, but not improved.

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MANO

(Continued from page 1099)

I do, where the hell would I be then really?'

"I never set out to become a waitress. But I never was interested in school really. I used to fog off, I suppose. I never graduated high school—yeah, it did bother me, so I got my equivalency diploma. But I've been working since I was 16 and this is the kind of job I have? Not that it's bad—but I want more out of life, I want money, I want success. Youth for women is the name of the game—and I intend to keep my youth as long as I can and get the most out of it. There are no old waitresses. Well, I guess there are a few. A few." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE HOLLYWOOD MUSICAL, *by Ethan Mordden (St. Martin's, 261 pp., $15.95).* Ethan Mordden's new book is an uneven, cheerily nostalgic tribute to a rapidly fading genre: the old-fashioned, big-budget film musical in all its varied guises. The subject is an interesting one and would easily bear the scrutiny of an intelligent critic; Mr. Mordden is more campologist than critic, however, and his approach tends to be on the arch side, full of falsettoish phrases like "*must* viewing for aficionados." (One particularly revealing remark: "Turn to page 98 for a still of what Moshier captions as the 'distinctive Faye pose.' Try striking this pose yourself, if possible in one of [Alice] Faye's costumes. How do you feel?") If you can stand the prose and the posturing—which gets pretty thick in an appendix called "The Ethan Mordden Hall of Fame and Disrepute"—you will find that Mr. Mordden has some very sensible things to say from time to time, particularly about Fred Astaire and Cole Porter; Porter's "horny double meanings," for instance, are shrewdly and accurately characterized by the author as "sorrowful gay *mots* masquerading as carefree hedonism." In addition, both discography and bibliography are helpful and informative. To sum up: periodically sick-making, but not for Alice Faye-mad transvestites only.

TERRY TEACHOUT

THE ULTIMATE FISHING BOOK, *edited by Lee Eisenberg and DeCourcy Taylor (Houghton Mifflin, 225 pp., $40).* It isn't. At least, not in the same way its predecessor, *The Ultimate Baseball Book*, was conceivably the last word on that subject. The ghost of Arnold Gingrich, who once wrote that some of the best fishing was done in print, presides over this book. And it is indeed beautifully illustrated, and filled with some excellent essays by the likes of John Graves, Vance Bourjaily, Geoffrey Norman, and Christopher Lehmann-Haupt. The authors are all purists: Geoffrey Norman, for one, realizes that "The important thing becomes *doing it right*. It has something to do with style and something to do with taste." Listen to Mr. Norman as he describes the magic of a cane fishing rod: "There is something about owning a fine thing that you can also use that I find alluring." Robert E. Jones tells a nostalgic and funny story about fishing for musky, pausing on the way to relate the episode of the day his uncle flicked a cigar ash into the water, was hit by a northern pike, and proceeded to haul it into the boat, its jaws still clamped around his hand, and beat it to death with an empty bottle of Blatz beer. There are also no end of splendid vintage fishing lodges here, as well as a procession of aged and inevitably philosophical anglers. Despite such swell stuff, this book falls short of the ultimate because it virtually ignores salt-water fishing. You may have trout, but you have no weakfish. You have muskellunge, but no bluefish, kingfish, fluke, striped bass, or tuna. In short, this is only half the story. Very good, but half the story nevertheless.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

How It Went

On The Right

New York, Aug. 9—Here is an uninstructed, but not uneducated, guess as to what happened. For the sake of convenience, notwithstanding that there were many players, we will limit the cast to two—President Ronald Reagan, and Senator Robert Dole.

Scene: The Oval Office.

Dole: Mr. President, we have an election coming up and there is no way the party's going to make out with the popular impression of what your Administration has come up with.

Reagan: Meaning?

D: A huge deficit, and rich-oriented tax relief.

R: Seventy per cent of all tax relief has gone to middle- and lower-income groups, and the main purpose of business tax relief is to spur employment . . .

D: Mr. President, this isn't a political rally, and I know all that. I am here to say that if we don't come up with a tax bill and a bill generally interpreted as hitting the rich, Bill Moyers will be elected President.

R: What do you have in mind?

D: A hundred billion, over three years, one-half from business, one-half from individuals.

R: I thought Dave Stockman says there isn't any difference between taxes paid by business and taxes paid by individuals?

D: There isn't, actually. But people don't know that, and CBS isn't going to tell them.

R: What sort of taxes on individuals did you have in mind?

D: Take 10 per cent of interest and dividends as they accumulate. There's 12 billion right there, in part from the people who aren't declaring their interest, in part from the people who aren't paying ahead, like the withholding tax.

R: I never did like the withholding tax. Makes people forget they are paying.

D: I know, I know. But you gave up on that point when you were governor of California. People are used to the idea of withholding tax. They won't mind if people who save submit to the same thing.

R: What else?

D: Taxes on cigarettes, telephones, and airplane tickets, total over ten billion.

R: Those are regressive taxes, aren't they?

D: Sure they are, up to a point, but they are already. The millionaire and the unemployed ditch-digger pay the same tax on cigarettes. Compared to increases in air fares already in motion, ours won't be particularly noticeable. And people who are hit hard can phone more often at night, that sort of thing. You won't hear too much squawking on these.

R: What about the business taxes?

D: Business should contribute more to the unemployment funds from which the government draws to pay benefits.

R: Doesn't that just add to the cost of business, which causes the unemployment in the first place?

D: Well sure. But it also penalizes bad management.

R: Hmm.

D: Then some complicated stuff, take back those tax-leasing benefits, that's over seven billion, do away with the reinsurance deductions, that's six billion, ease up on the tax credits of one kind or another—and the one that will get the headlines: no deductions for meals unless you eat out of town.

R: Does that mean all you senators will have to go to Virginia for lunch?

D: That's one possibility. Or, we could make the restaurant area around the Capitol a separate town, ho ho.

R: Aren't you really saying that having reduced taxes the Reagan Administration is now in favor of raising taxes?

D: That's the way your enemies will put it.

R: How will my friends put it?

D: Well you see, Mr. President *(Senator Dole rises, smiling)*, you don't have any friends left, so what does it matter? □

SQUARE ONE *New York*, Aug. 18—Margaret Thatcher has backed off—just a little bit—from her earlier position respecting John Brown Limited. At first she said—even as Mitterrand in France had said to Alsthom-Atlantique, notwithstanding President Reagan's order to the contrary—that John Brown should proceed to make those fancy compressors needed by the Soviet Union in order to construct that huge gas pipeline from Siberia to Europe. Mrs. Thatcher's new position is that the British government will "assist" John Brown in living up to its "contract." Mitterrand's position remains, in effect, an order to the French company to proceed to manufacture, and supply Russia with, the compressors. Meanwhile, the collaborationist press has cranked up an international campaign designed to discredit Reagan, to insist that our relations with Western Europe are going to the dogs, and doesn't the United States know that France, and England, like other European countries, are independent, and make their own foreign and economic policies?

Yawp. We realize all of this. Now listen a moment.

In 1949, responding to the imperialist tyranny of Josef Stalin, the Congress of the United States, dominated by Democrats and cooperating with a Democratic President, passed the Export Administration Act. Under that Act, American enterprise is required to get the permission of the Department of Commerce before exporting, for the use of the Soviet Union, articles of strategic significance. In other words, you couldn't, for instance, manufacture atom bombs and sell them to Stalin.

Now what is permitted by the Commerce Department to be exported, and what isn't permitted, has always been a matter for Executive judgment. The President is the constitutional Commander-in-Chief, and in these matters is exercising authority specifically given him by Congress.

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So that when the French and British firms acquired the technology from the General Electric Company to manufacture those compressors, the deal was subject to contractual conditions based on the 1949 Act. These conditions specified that the companies acquiring the licenses from GE would conform to the 1949 Act. They agreed to do so.

Mr. Reagan, surveying the situation in Europe, concluded that it was not in the best interest of the United States to help the Soviet Union build the pipeline. In the first place, as our Ambassador to France, Evan Galbraith, pointed out in an article in the Paris *Tribune*, only 15 per cent of the gas flowing through the pipeline is slated to be sold in Europe. The balance will travel from Siberia into industrial Russia—"a contribution to the Soviet economy comparable to the development of the Russian railroad system at the end of the last century."

Now: what is the argument in favor of the United States giving up such powers as it reserved in the 1949 Act to look after our interests? What are these interests? Well, they include causing the Soviet Union, to the extent we are capable of doing so, to pay the cost of its own weaponry. If we furnish the Soviet Union credit, and that credit is used to finance capital ventures, then those capital ventures are accelerated. If we permit the Soviet Union the use of our technology with which to build this pipeline, we are accelerating the day when the Soviet Union uses gas, now stored underground in Siberia, to light up the factories in the Soviet Union so busily engaged in the manufacture of weapons whose only use is to threaten, or to kill, non-Russians.

Allies always have differences of opinion, and in the end must respect each other's sovereignty. But no one required John Brown (or Alsthom) to sign the contracts it signed with GE. It is, therefore, interference by the European governments, not by the United States, when those companies are directed to do that which they promised they would not do. If Mitterrand succeeds in forcing Alsthom to make those compressors, in effect he is challenging the right of Congress to pass an export-control law, and of the President to administer it. Who is being unfriendly to whom?

The last thing in the world we want is a shouting match or an economic tug-of-war with England and France. But Mr. Reagan must politely inform their governments that it is our own foreign policy we are making. They are free to do anything at all, including commit suicide. They are free to conduct their own foreign policy and then ask the United States to bail them out, as twice they have done in this century in the course of getting into World Wars. But since the ties that bind us together are as great as they are, and since the United States would predictably help our allies if the going got bad again, we must be given the authority to make our own judgment in matters directly involving us. It isn't realistic to say that it is none of America's business whether the Soviet Union's economy is significantly transformed thanks to American technology. □

BIG BAD BUSINESS

New York, Aug. 11—A few years ago Benjamin Stein wrote a book about Hollywood in which he remarked that during the entire period he worked in the movie-TV capital, he never saw a script in which a businessman was favorably portrayed. Last month, *U.S. News & World Report* ran an interview with Donald Rumsfeld, who ran Jerry Ford's White House and subsequently the Department of Defense, going on to be president of the pharmaceutical company G. D. Searle. Rumsfeld (than whom no one in public life is brighter) discovered something very interesting when he took over Searle. Namely, that engaging in business in America is extremely difficult. Mostly this is so because of government regulation. But government tends to reflect the public mood. Rumsfeld remarks the difference in attitude in Japan and Germany, where the people think hospitably, and with pride, about business. "It's crazy for the society to be unfriendly to enterprise. It's damaging to the country and has contributed in a major way to today's economic difficulties."

And last week's headline (in the *New York Times*) was: "Hard-Hit Company Profits/Reach Lowest Levels in Perhaps 5 Years": "'If second-quarter profits were the profits for the next three years, the American economy would be devastated,' said Otto Eckstein, chairman of Data Resources Inc., an economic consulting firm."

Irving Kristol somewhere along the line pointed out that there are practically no American heroes in the business community. Indeed, there are practically no names generally known to the American public, who are associated with business. Who is the president of General Motors? I happen to know; but I bet you don't, and my knowledge here is for particular reasons. Exxon is the largest company in the world. Do you know the name of its head? While we are at it, are you aware that Exxon's profits are down 52 per cent over last year?

A few weeks ago, addressing a gathering of black leaders, I countered the suggestion that American business shoulder more of the entire welfare load by saying that the economic fact of the matter was that business simply could not afford it. The audience broke out with hoots of incredulity. I battled back and said: Profits in business are at a serious low, worse than in many years. Hoots of derision.

It would not have been different if the audience had been made up of college students. The kind of thing one hears about business in college is the kind of thing Professor John Kenneth Galbraith preaches. What is that? Why, in his book *The New Industrial State* he advised a generation of credulous students that major companies in America have acquired so certain a foothold that they control the circumstances of their own success. When a super-large company desires to maintain a certain level of earnings, all it has to do is contrive to do so by pulling this or that switch in the cockpit: advertising here, legislative favors there, mergers over there. Moreover, the cultural commentators teach us that all of this is being done while the businessmen guzzle three-martini lunches—paid for by blue-collar workers. How Mr. Galbraith got away with that one and also his reputation, puts him in the class of people who maneuver Niagara Falls in a barrel. Exxon lost 40 per cent of its value on the stock market between 1980 and 1982. So much for controlling one's own economic destiny.

PUBLIC attitudes as organic as this one are hard to alter; but they most awfully need to be altered. Businessmen are hardly saints, but in this connection we should note that only saints are saints. Sir Thomas More was beheaded in 1535, and they didn't get around to making him a saint until 1935, which is about how the Food and Drug Administration treats pharmaceutical companies.

But of no profession—not even clergy—can it be said that they are all exemplary folk. What we need, in our allegedly materialistic country, is to recognize that American businessmen are the people who make possible daddy's job, mother's hospital bed, junior's schooling, and grandfather's burial. And unless we move away from the jacobinical attitude toward business, over in the direction of the view we take of our baseball teams, American business is going to falter and—die. Economic death is a relative term, but if you've done business in places like England, or Mexico, you will know what I mean. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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By the National Director of the Anti-Defamation League...

"Neither the resurgence of the KKK nor an epidemic of vandalism against Jewish institutions is the most dangerous manifestation of anti-Semitism in America...The real menace lies in more insidious and subtle events: the political expediencies that dictate a foreign policy attuned to oil and petrodollars (the AWACs sale), votes in the UN bent on placating the Arab states and official silence when Zionism is equated with racism. These attitudes pose a real threat to American Jewry and to Israel, according to the Perlmutters (he is national director of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith). They are provocative in suggesting the new social and political attitudes Jews should adopt in response to what they describe as a rising peril. Among the many ironies they dissect are altered Black-Jewish relations...the uneasy alliance between Fundamentalist Christians and Jews who support Israel, the "selective compassion" of church groups championing the PLO, and the negative impact of affirmative action quotas on Jewish applicants...Their candid discussion should stimulate heated response from several quarters where opinions may differ from theirs."
— Publishers Weekly

THE REAL ANTI-SEMITISM IN AMERICA

Nathan Perlmutter and
Ruth Ann Perlmutter

$15.50

Arbor House

KIRK

(Continued from page 1084)

Why, to conserve order: both order in the soul and order in the state. With Luke, the man of conservative impulses says to himself, "No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new; for he saith, The old is better." Out of the deep well of the past comes order; and as Simone Weil reminds us, "Order is the first need of all."

From revelation, from right reason, from poetic vision, from much study, from the experience of the species—so the conservative argues—we human beings have learned certain ways and principles of order. Were we lacking these, we would lie at the mercy of will and appetite—in private life, in public concerns. It is this order, this old safeguard against private and public anarchy, which the conservative refuses to surrender to the evangels of Progress. Were there no ordering of the soul and of the state, no human society could survive; indeed, no civilized individual could endure. That being so, conservative beliefs will not cease to be unless the civil social order ceases to be.

"Imagination governs the human race." Who said that? No poet: instead, Napoleon, master of the big battalions. He knew that in the long run, the power of the moral imagination exceeds the power of a whiff of grapeshot. If the world is entering upon the Post-Modern Age (John Lukacs has set A.D. 1945 as the Year Zero of this Post-Modern Age), new-seeming ideas and new-seeming modes of statecraft may grow popular during the next few decades. The Post-Modern imagination stands ready to be captured. And the seemingly novel ideas and sentiments and modes may turn out, after all, to be revived truths and institutions, well known to surviving conservatives.

Lionel Trilling, more than thirty years ago, found the liberal imagination nearly bankrupt; that kind of imagination has not prospered since then. It may be the conservative imagination which is to guide the Post-Modern Age, particularly in America. The aim of Burke, says Paul Elmer More, was "to use the imagination as a force for order and self-restraint and political health." It is just conceivable that such conservative imagination may attain its fullness in the twenty-first century. □

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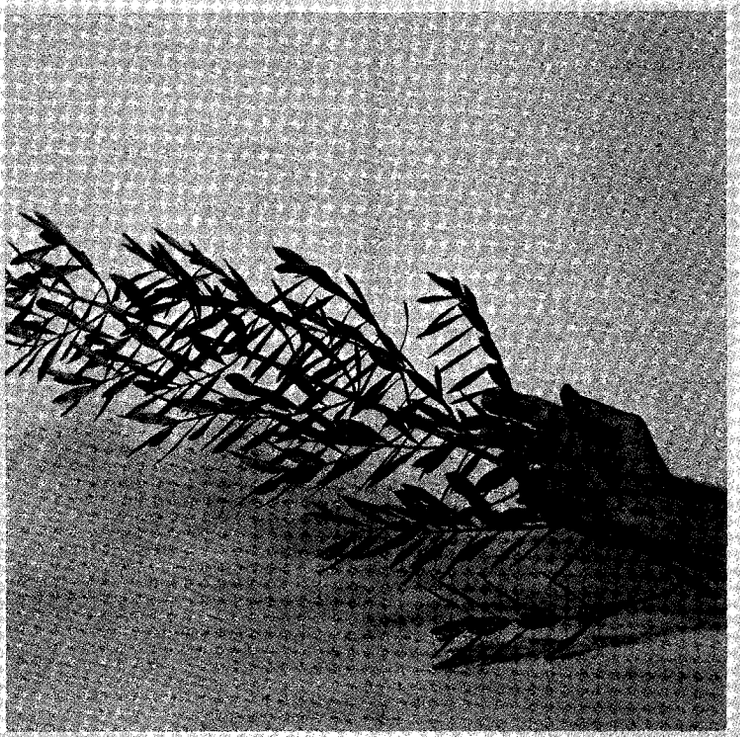
PEACE POWER



A. Donald Cameron
Colonel, U.S. Army (Ret.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What Frances E. Willard was while at Northwestern — 2 187 46 63 107 23 90 123 140 151 158

B. An Arctic cetacean — 11 134 168 38 71 105 75

C. What the retired gardener did — 51 194 34 76 19 156 143 112 8

D. Club which numbers Major Amos Hoople among its members — 169 81 109 149

E. Trees beneath which lady sheep rest — 57 145 170 65

F. An adjective that describes Baroness Orczy's "Old Man in the Corner" — 92 66 10 16 84 155 133 106 163

G. Part of the village's anatomy? — 141 185 125 152 159 42 20 25

H. One of these United States — 164 132 26 154 89 21 36 121

I. Peanuts and popcorn at the baseball game — 98 3 7 172 18 32 44

J. "I object to _____ because my nerves are shaken."—Dr. Watson — 4 52 67 29

K. A character in *The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge* who was both conservative and orthodox — 9 104 58 128 33 175

L. A man who became confused when WINED — 27 85 53 40 186

M. The Roman emperor from 268 to 270 — 41 15 50 62 80 103 127 148 173 177

N. This post office has zip code 52563 — 68 30 124 102 111 193 72 115 126 1 131

O. One, 500, ten, 1,000 — 35 55 171 97 61

P. One of the Ellice Islands — 79 91 69

Q. An Arctic luminous phenomenon — 99 6 43 12 119 122 14 24 167 5 28 56 64 96

R. Butted in a sheepish manner — 113 137 45 100 188 129

S. What backward TIME does — 120 165 47 160

T. A building for locomotives — 146 13 83 116 95 142 166 176 183 191

U. Prepared and stored fodder — 179 189 162 73 138 37 87

V. Simón Bolívar was a combination of Washington and _____

W. Thwarted — 184 39 54 70 117 130 78 182 136 180

X. A type of instructional book — 144 82 139 88 118 135 108 181 174

Y. Scene of one of Alexander's battles (333 B.C.) — 157 49 153 161 114

Z. Anita Donna Dooley's surname as a silent film actress (1920–1928) — 22 93 74 110 150

* To increase — 31 147 17 60 101 192 178

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1100 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 N	2 A	■	3 I	4 J	5 Q	■	6 Q	7 I	8 C	9 K	10 F	■	11 B	12 Q	■	13 T
14 Q	15 M	16 F	17 *	18 I	19 C	20 G	21 H	22 Z	■	23 A	24 Q	■	25 G	26 H	27 L	28 Q	29 J
30 N	■	31 *	■	32 I	33 K	34 C	35 O	36 H	37 U	■	38 B	39 W	40 L	41 M	42 G	■	43 Q
44 I	45 R	46 A	47 S	48 V	49 Y	■	50 M	51 C	52 J	53 L	54 W	55 O	56 Q	57 E	■	58 K	59 V
60 *	61 O	62 M	63 A	64 Q	65 E	66 F	■	67 J	68 N	69 P	70 W	71 B	■	72 N	73 U	74 Z	75 B
76 C	77 V	■	78 W	79 P	80 M	■	81 D	82 X	83 T	84 F	85 L	86 V	87 U	■	88 X	89 H	90 A
91 P	92 F	93 Z	94 V	95 T	96 Q	■	97 O	98 I	■	99 Q	100R	101*	102N	103M	104K	105B	106F
■	107A	108X	109D	110Z	111N	112C	113R	114Y	■	115N	116T	■	117W	118X	119Q	120S	121H
■	122Q	123A	124N	■	125G	126N	127M	128K	129R	■	130W	131N	132H	133F	■	134B	■
135X	136W	137R	138U	■	139X	140A	141G	142T	■	143C	144X	145E	■	146T	147*	148M	149D
150Z	151A	152G	153Y	■	154H	155F	156C	157Y	158A	159G	160S	■	161Y	162U	■	163F	164H
165S	166T	167Q	168B	169D	170E	■	171O	172I	■	173M	174X	■	175K	176T	177M	178*	179U
180W	■	181X	182W	183T	■	184W	185G	186L	187A	188R	189U	190V	191T	192*	193N	194C	■

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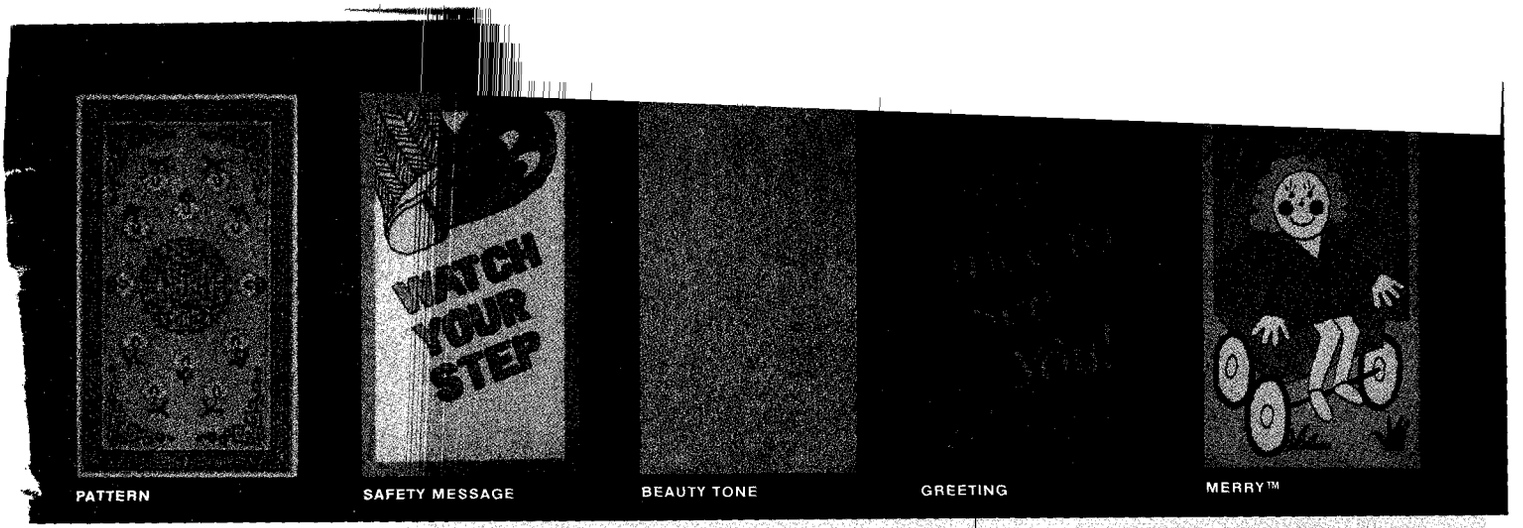

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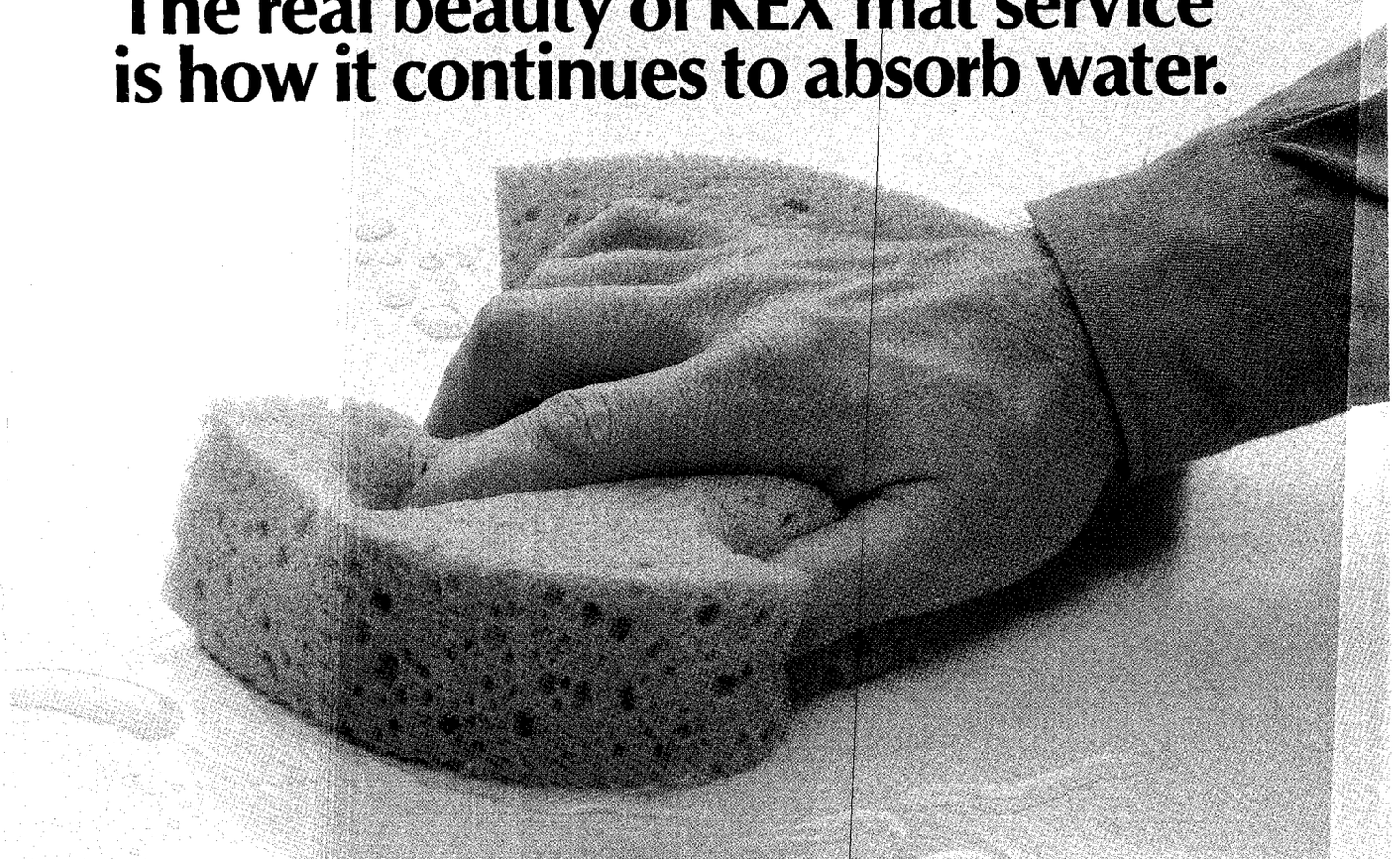

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